

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 479.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1826.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

American Entomology; or Descriptions of the Insects of North America. Illustrated by Coloured Figures, &c. By Thomas Say. 2 vols. 8vo. With a Glossary in a separate volume. Philadelphia, 1824.

THOUGH finished some time on the other side of the Atlantic, it is only of late that a few copies of this publication have found their way to Europe. In printing, engraving, accuracy, and science, it is a work highly creditable to the author and to the arts, generally, in the United States; and yet it is the first attempt which has been made to exemplify the genera and species of the insects of North America by means of coloured plates.

In the way of natural science there is considerable novelty: the genera are common—1. the Coleoptera, 2. Orthoptera, 3. Hemiptera, 4. Neuroptera, 5. Hymenoptera, 6. Lepidoptera, and 7. Diptera; but among these no fewer than sixty-six species are enumerated as having been first described by Mr. Say. This proves not only extensive travel, but indefatigable industry in his favourite pursuit; and when we hear of his astonishing a whole circle of Indians by starting up to secure a rare beetle which was running across the hut, we think of Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco, with a laugh—but not of ridicule.

A book of dry scientific definition is a bad affair for a reviewer, who would wish his readers to taste, try, and analyse for themselves, rather than to display his technicals without either informing or amusing them. We will therefore only say that the descriptions are fully learned enough and correct: and if you do not understand them, there is the glossary to help you,—and the pictures, which nobody can misunderstand. Mr. Say does not go into that delightful field of entertainment which has made Kirby and Spence so popular on the same subject; but he has some anecdotes of the habits, &c. of insects, from which we shall copy all we have to add in favour of his volumes.

After defining the *Scarabeus Titius* of Linnaeus, he says—

"This insect is so extremely rare in Pennsylvania, that the late Rev. F. V. Melsheimer, the parent of entomology in this country, and a very industrious collector, found but two individuals in eighteen years. An instance has, however, occurred, in which the appearance of a considerable number of them occasioned no little surprise in the neighbourhood where they were discovered. A mile or two southward of Philadelphia, and near the river Delaware, an old cherry-tree was blown down by a violent current of wind, and my informant saw the remains of numerous individuals, in and about a cavity of the tree, laid open by the shock of its fall. That there might be no mistake as to the species, he exhibited the thorax of a male he had chosen from the mutilated fragments.

"I think it highly probable the *Titius* is more especially a native of the southern

states, as my friend, Mr. J. Gilliams, presented me with several specimens in high perfection, collected by himself in Maryland; and from these the drawings for the annexed plate were made.

"The length of the male, exclusive of the horns, is two inches, and the greatest breadth one inch. In colour it resembles the *S. Hercules*, being glaucous with brown spots, or brown with glaucous spots. These spots vary considerably in size, figure, position, and number, being sometimes confluent, and exhibiting a clouded appearance. The elytra of one specimen in my collection are entirely chestnut-brown, immaculate, and the larger thoracic horn frequently occurs simple, or undivided at tip, as exhibited in the figures given by Jablousky and Olivier: to the latter author we are indebted for a knowledge of the specific identity of the *Titius* and *Marianus*.

"The female is generally somewhat smaller than the male, and unarmed, excepting a small tubercle on the head.

"*Titius*, in the heathen mythology, was a gigantic son of Jupiter and Elara, whom Apollo killed for offering violence to his mother Latona."

His observations on the *Buprestis* are curious.

"Many of these insects are gaily ornamented with the most splendid colours, which often shine with a metallic brilliancy. Some have a general coppery tint, whilst others present the beautiful contrast of fine yellow spots and lines, on a polished green or blue surface; and others exhibit the appearance of burnished gold, inlaid on emerald or ebony. In fine, all that is rich and brilliant in colours may be observed in the decoration of these insects.

"They in general walk slowly, though some run with considerable agility; they rise on the wing with facility, and fly with ease and rapidity. Many elude their enemies by folding their feet and antennae close to the body, and falling, apparently dead, to the earth. The females have a coriaceous appendage at the posterior part of the abdomen, composed of three pieces; this is probably the oviduct, by means of which they deposit their eggs in old wood, where the larvæ lives until its change into the perfect state. Their existence in the perfect state is but short, appearing to be devoted almost exclusively to the great object of continuing the race.

"Though beautiful and rare, the species are very numerous, and upwards of two hundred are now known; of these, the largest and most splendid are inhabitants of the American continent.

"A species of *Buprestis* has furnished us with a remarkable instance of insect longevity; the following is extracted from a communication, by Mr. Marsham, to the Linnæan Society. (See vol. x. p. 399.)

"Mr. J. Montague, on going to his desk in the office of works at Guildhall, observed an insect, which had been seen by his brother in the early part of the day, endeavouring to

extricate itself from the wood which formed part of the desk; he carefully released it from the cell, and it proved to be *Buprestis splendens* of Fabricius, full of strength and vigour. The desk had been fixed in the office twenty-two years before, and was made of fir wood, imported from the Baltic. That the insect existed in the wood before the desk was made, was proved by the fact of the channel formed by the insect having been then transversely cut.

"The word *Buprestis* is derived from the Greek *Buprestes*; but to what insect that ancient people applied the word, is not known with certainty at the present day. The Romans, also, held the same insect to be poisonous; and their civilians recommended the punishment of the law to be inflicted upon those persons who rashly administer, internally, those poisonous insects the *pithocampa*, (Bombyx pithocampa, Fabr.,) and the *Buprestis*. It is evident, however, that they had no reference to any individual of this family, inasmuch as no one of the species is capable of inflicting a serious injury on any of the larger animals. But as the ancient *Buprestis* was stated to be endowed with the power of destroying even the ox, it is conjectured that the Greeks thus designated a vesicating insect, such as a *Mylabris*, a *Lytta*, or, according to some authors, a *Carabus*; the two former of which, when taken into the stomach, produce the most serious effects on the animal economy, and even death itself, under the most afflicting circumstances."

This statement may recall to the memory of some of our elder readers the account of a *Cerambyx* found in sawing Zebra wood at Stratford in Essex, which appeared above three years ago in No. 322 of the *Literary Gazette*, and the subsequent notice of a similar insect which wrought its way out of an old Desk, in the lid of which it had maintained existence for many years after the timber was manufactured into that article of furniture. These are striking instances of animal vitality; and we recollect having vouched to us, at the same period, by Mr. Robert Strong, of Leith, the following remarkable instance of a like nature:

"The place in which the insect had grown (no doubt from an egg) to maturity and action, was the top of a veneered mahogany tea-table: it was in an under fixed leaf, over which another folded, and, Mr. S. says, 'had it not been for this upper leaf I am sure the insect would have escaped, as it perforated it one eighth of an inch, and was no doubt suffocated by the circulation of air receding the dust which its own exertion had occasioned. I carefully removed it from its cell, and found it quite dead, and to all appearance like a piece of small brown rope. Having used proper means for preserving it, I so far succeeded as now to have it in a tolerable state of perfection; the colour exactly corresponds with that mentioned by you; it was also furnished with antennae or feelers, but these unfortunately gave way to the process of preserving: it may be proper to

mention, that the solid of the table is fir, and there the insect must have been nourished, the veneer of mahogany being very thin. The length of the cell is not twice that of the fly."

Mr. Strong had (when he wrote to us) the insect and the chest both in his possession, and kindly expressed his readiness to shew them to any inquisitive naturalist who might wish to see them.

We trust we shall be pardoned this digression; but the subject is interesting, and the prolongation of animal life in such circumstances so extraordinary as always to claim attention and challenge inquiry. Of Mr. Say's work we have nothing farther to say, but to recommend it as a meritorious performance to all who are lovers of the science to the elucidation of which it addresses itself.

Grafenstein: a Poem. 8vo. (Anonymous; but motto on the title-page *Nemo aliquid recognoscit; nos mentimur omnia.*) London, 1826. Hunt and Clarke.

If we were asked, "Of all the poems in the world that can be imagined, which would you like worst to be obliged to read?" we should ponder a few minutes in order to pass in review before our memory the most rapid and tiresome which our fancy could suggest, and we should answer, "An imitation of Lord Byron's *Don Juan* by Mr. Leigh Hunt, or by any equal genius of the same Cockney school." *Nos (non) mentimur omnia* when we make this declaration; and we verily believe, from internal evidence and our sufferings on the occasion, that *Grafenstein* has been inflicted upon us by the Parnassian monarch of Coccey himself, and is (may we be forgiven the scandal) written in direct competition with Lord Byron, by the immortal bard of (Green Sleeves and) *Bacchus in Tuscany*. A living ass may kick a dead lion, and be welcome for us; but this is really too bad.

Ye who have such an appetite for the Muses that ye would lick up their very refuse, approach and gorge your maws with the long four-hundred page repeat which here awaits you. That ye will swallow it all is impossible, and that ye can digest any of it is equally out of nature; but a small portion of it will fill you to satiety, and ye will have a wholesome nausea for verse during the anticipated period of scarcity foretold by the prophets of the age, known under the names of booksellers and publishers. In the beaten path of truth, and using words in their liberal, not literal, meaning, (though the same to a letter), people may be excused for liking a jolly devil, a bold devil, or even a wicked devil; but who can bear, or bear to hear borne, a snivelling devil, a cowardly devil, or a pimpling devil? Yet such is the difference between *Don Juan* and *Grafenstein*. The latter has not soul enough to offend us: he only disgusts. When he would be descriptive, he is obscure and tedious; when he would be in love, he is so poorly amorous, and so puling with his obscenities, that even a courtesan would be provoked to spit in his face; when he would be comic, he is merely as vulgar as Tom and Jerry; when pathetic, ludicrous; when grave, tiresome; when sublime, rubbish-y; and when he would be profane, hardly indecent. Alas, for Juan Grafenstein! who, but for some circumstance (no doubt of exceeding importance) was to have been called Don Carlos. Of this mighty secret the anxious public is informed in an advertisement of six pages.

Having in brief told what this silly production is, we should hold ourselves inexcusable were we to waste the time of our readers with

long quotations; but justice requires that we should shew some grounds for the judgment we have pronounced, and we will do so as cursorily as we can.

There are five cantos. The first begins pedantically enough with an Italian axiom, *Anch'io son pittor*, upon which the writer rings his dull changes through several pages; and in the very opening prepares us for the prurient daubings with which he intends to pollute his poem. In the third stanza he says—

— "my pictures,
I trust, will 'scape all harsh, ill-natured strictures;
And chiefly yours, ye Fair, though strange to me;
Your frowns I deprecate, and deep should rue
Each line that e'er could make you blush—and ye,
That cannot blush, alas! I blush for you."

This declaration of a design to be indecent (which, after all, the talents of the author enables him to execute very wretchedly) is not more admirable in moral purpose than in fine poetry: the last two lines giving the personal pronoun so beautifully varied by *ye* and *you*, as terminations and rhymes, is a discovery worthy of the school which we honour so much.

But our delicate bard proceeds to define a little more; and, no doubt from his own experience of the virtues of Englishwomen whom he has seen abroad, thus vilifies the whole class:

"From you, my countrywomen, who have travel'd,
I've nought to fear: *Art* has for you unravel'd
So many a doubt, so many a secret told,
That *Nature* had not yet perhaps revealed,
That you will rather find my colouring cold,
And wish that what in shade lies half conceal'd
Might stand all bare and naked to the eye,
Bathed in the splendour of a southern sky."

We are not surprised that he should commence the ensuing stanza,

"Beneath each southern sky what wonders rise:—

To be sure the *each* is only put in to eke out the measure; but it must be wonderful to learn that any skies should so contaminate the hearts and minds of the daughters of England as to make them wish for writings more filthy than *Grafenstein*.

We will now but turn over the leaves, and remark as aught strikes us. Passing by, therefore, the doubly-epithet-ed "*gaunt hyena spave*," p. 9, and the exquisite Cockney rhyme "*metaphor*," "*better for*," page 12, and the miserable twaddle, (which extends, however, throughout the book, but is especially possessive of Canto I.) we venture to quote the writer's reason for not beginning his story (such as it is) till he has wearied us with a stupid introduction. He says, page 12—

"Now for myself I think 'tis better just
To get acquainted with one's reader first:

He gets into the interior of the *Custo*,
And when it suits his humour and my plan too."

We know not when we have read any thing equal to this. Mr. Grafenstein, like his prototype Juan, intrigues with his friend's wife, and like him deserts her, and like him addresses another attraction: this is all the story: the rest is prolix digression and empty babbling.

Indeed the manner of telling is every thing. Carlos alias Raff (we will call Graf so for shortness) is left for several days by the count (his friend) with the gay and youthful countess Laura. They talked, walked, rode, frolicked—

"Thus pass'd two days, and more than half the third
Was gone, when Carlos and the Countess, tired
And fagged, towards the castle homeward rode,
After a lengthen'd chase—

* This *fagged* is a favourite word; for some fourteen pages onward, when Raff has played a tune, we are again told—

"And even Laura, though so fagg'd, could not
Sit still, and tamely listen to that strain."
With like elegance she is somewhere recorded to "cut" her companion! Some one is faint and blows; but why enumerate, since vulgarities of this cast pervade the work throughout.

"Now Satan, who is ever on the watch,
But seldom fails the falling reins to catch;
He loves a jaded spirit for a jade,
And knows 'twill carry far, when managed well;
And when on slacken'd nerves he plays, 'tis said,
There's dancing, to the music made, in hell."

The wit and taste of this exquisite illustration must, we think, as well as the refinement of the expressions, be universally felt; but they are nothing to the happy introduction of a little bit of blasphemy, which shews how very naturally the author's thoughts run, and with what mastery and playful ease he can lug in (we beg pardon, introduce) matters the most irrelevant and dissonant into the story of Raff. He says, at the end of a long string of absurd similes, that a girl is as different at a masquerade from what she is in the Park—

"As different as the torch's mouldering base,
And th' early sun, that brights it with his rays;
As steams that rise from altars and from stews;
As love's hot breathings, and the breath of prayer;
As th' inward sinner, and his outward shew,
Or any things least like that are,—
A catch, a catechism, a hymn, a glow,
The Psalms and Martial's *Aspergillum*,"
[charming rhyme!]

Having written which rank nonsense, he catches at the idea of Martial, and thus proceeds:—

"In which said epigrams too oft, I ween,
The only sting, like Death's, is merely sin;
Though to the pure all things are pure, and good
May still from evil things extracted be:
Nay, I have little doubt, but, if one would,
E'en from the dunghill line of Martial, we
Might pick up pearls, that suits themselves might pierce
For their pure hues, their roundness, and their size."

"Suppose we make th' attempt—we'll trust to chance,
And take the verses that first meet our glance—
Book five, and epigram the twenty-fourth!
How's this? I fear we've made a luckless hit!

"Tis all about a gladiator's worth—
Beseech ye, Muses, help my helpless wit!
Thank ye!—ay, this is very pure divinity:
The bard describes the Godhead and the Trinity:

"Tis God is—*Omnia solus, et TER UNUS*—
Words *Athanasius* might have used, to tune us
To the right key, when studying theology—

But this is neither here nor there; and some,
Perhaps, may think these words require apology—
If good, what matters it from whence they came?
Besides, I wish to shew, a Muse like mine
Could turn e'en Martial to a sound divine."

Poor, slaving dolt!—but we told our readers that he had not talent enough to succeed in profanity. In humour he is not more fortunate: the following are the brightest speculations we can point out:—

"Tis curious how things originate:
Love from black eyes springs, as *black eyes* from hate,
Being the first fruits one gathers from a fray."

"O! from my soul
I wish my countrywomen, who at school
Are taught to heed their steps, and mind their ways,
Would learn to *walk* in them with better grace,
Nor march like ducks, if they would match with dukes."

We will not stain our page with the loathsome language put into the mouth of Laura after she has been false to her lord. Those who desire to see an example of brutal ideas couched in abominable expressions, may consult page 12 of Canto II., which, like the attempts at blasphemy, fails, and is merely horrid. But surely we have done enough to exhibit this performance in its native folly and depravity; and we need not cumber our paper more, to demonstrate that it is at once weak and coarse, puling and worthless, dull as a story, wretched as a poetical composition, and every way destitute of right feeling and talent. We will only give a miscellaneous quotation to prove, beyond question, that we have not selected blots; and thus afford every reader an opportunity of forming an opinion upon this volume of trash.

"Let others on the traitor's guilty head
The phial of the Muse's vengeance shed,
Or tear the purple from the perjured king,
And bare his baseness to the public gaze:
For me, that, most unfit such themes to sing,
Hate e'en to look a scoundrel in the face."

In Satan's name, be villains villains still,
And mock at Heaven, or drive on to HELL.

"The bold, high-mettled rogue still rattling on,
Swearing and storming, till his stage is run;

The sauntily hypocrite, of colder clay,
With easy, smooth, offenceless, noiseless speed

Winding with cunning skill his crooked way,
While none his progress mark, his motions heed,

Nor e'en his setting out is e'er surmised;
As if his road to HELL were all macadamised.

"Let fools and coxcombs, nameless in my lay,
Be fools and coxcombs to their dying day;

The villain wait his sentence and his time;
I ne'er shall ring his deadly knell, nor stopping,

To build the scaffolding of lofty rhyme,
Prepare the fatal fide, nor plunge him, dropping,

Into a dread eternity of shame,
To swing through some long verse, entwisted with his

name.

"For me, the gamester may proceed to HELL,
Or through the gates of death, or through Pail-Mall;

For me, th' adulterer glory in his crime,
And w—s in diamonds blaze, and give the ton:

Still may the press with foul abortions teem,
And nomenclatures whine their sonnets to the moon;

Spile of the sennet, wretched rhymesters write,
And, fearless of indictment, still indite,

And sound their fools-cap bells, the jingling chime
Of their vile verses' everlasting rhyme."

With this sample, of the best, we close our

dismal task: supposing that when our readers

appreciate the utter worthlessness of this pub-

lication in every point of view, they will not

care to have pricked out for them such charm-

ing rhymes as the (Irish) leave, crave; main,

seen; streams, flames; appeared, stared; wail,

feel; wail, appeal; siege, ago; pain, mien;

again, mien (often); sweet, imitate; sweet,

gate; sweet, gate; breeze, phrase; air, fear;

or the (Cockney) fears, ideas; alone, sojourn;

made, heel; prove a, over; or (general) torrent,

warrant; fearfully, simile; Mars, ap-

pears; freight, beset; joy, die; still, well;

sin, men; men, again; do, woe; now, woe;

woe, who (which shews the usefulness of woe);

swoon, groan; business, no press; pale, oracle;

return, to turn; him, claim; flame, damn;

hell, till; hell, wail; hell, tale; chase, pur-

chase; frown, dun; death, breathe; death,

teeth; odes, eludes; wretch, catch; fools,

skulls; read, shade; in, divine; alternately,

immortality; herd, bard; lungs, songs; flows,

muse; rest, dismissed; goal, fall; fire, noir;

buds, shrouds; too, so; toe, brow; sneers,

verse; trace, cease; star, character; romances,

senses; embrace, please; gain, again; spouse,

hose; give, receive (this is fair by the proverb);

breeze, skies; shades, deeds; afar, ear; mo-

tionless, increase; together, other; drawn,

forborne; ours, doors; out, foot; bred, shade;

ne'er, rare; ready, lady; charity, familiarity;

display, glee; away, glee; throat, butt; still,

well; third, tired;—in short, except the merest

common-places, which are repeated for ever,

(the same occurring sometimes thrice in a page.)

the whole construction of the verse, as pre-

tending to rhyme, is a farrago, such as is dis-

played by these brave samples, of utter disregard

to sound and pronunciation. Altogether, since

our unfortunate profession of reviewing books

was undertaken, we cannot recollect a more se-

vere infliction than the wading through Raff;

and we are free to confess, notwithstanding the

infernal picture (to which we have referred, in

* It might be thought that "Hell" occurs rather too

frequently for "ears polite" in this extract: but there is a

critical hint in the last Canto, where the graceful

word occurs in almost every stanza, and sometimes twice.

We have "hell-born dun," "devil wall in hell," "hell-

burnt hue," "hell-bound" and "hungry hell-bound,"

"the grave and hell," "paradise of hell," "hell-born

minister," "hell frowns darker," "dread as hell," "hell's

dark alleys," "hell commands," "hell derides," "through

hell the pale reviewers tremble," "O mercy, hell!" "but

hell denies," &c. &c., all in the compass of a few pages,

interspersed besides with a due proportion of damns and

damnation; all which, we have no doubt, the author

conceived to be very forcible and (as he is classical) quite

Heaven.

Canto V.) of a Critic's torments in being hunted in the other world by revengeful authors, we would infinitely rather submit to that pain than be condemned to peruse such another Hunt as the weakly impure *Grafenstein*.

De Foix; or, Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century: an Historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. London, 1826.

FORMERLY a few hair-breadth escapes, a sufficient number of murders, a dungeon or two, three or four battles, and perhaps a siege at the end, properly strung together by means of a Lady Jacqueline, or a Baron De Courcy, or a still more efficient Ghost,—constituted an historical romance, in which dates, dresses, manners, and meaning mingled in "confusion dire." Now we have changed all this; the black letter folios of the Museum are more rummaged than the tomes of the circulating library; the goblin and spectre are sent back to their original shades; the antiquarian gazes with triumph on his researches, and sits down to write an *Historical Romance*. The writer of the present work has had uncommon opportunities for observation, and she has not neglected them. The considerable mass of information which she has collected is no dead letter in her hand, and chivalric pomp and pageantry is painted as by an eye-witness of the costume and feats.

Of the tale itself we can scarcely speak in terms of such high praise: the plot is chiefly a transcript from Froissart, and the characters are not very well managed; for example, from the way in which Father Philip is introduced, we are led to expect the master-mind, the bold, bad man, whose dark and daring spirit wields all to his own purpose; yet his chief exploit is to raise the jealousy of Eustace, which has little or no effect in its consequence. The mysterious first Franciscan, next the unknown knight, afterwards Sir John de Bearn, does little else than enact a supernatural mummery, and get his nephew into scrapes for the sole purpose of letting his own ingenuity extricate him. But, leaving the thread alone, we have now a pleasanter task to perform, and we can cordially commend the grace of the language, the interest of the descriptions, and proceed with quotations that will allow our readers to judge for themselves. Our first is a description of a knight and squire in full armour:—

"The knight (for such he was) who rode thus gallantly along appeared, from his well-turned limbs, his ample chest, and graceful carriage, to be of gentle degree, and in the very flower of his youth: while the easy manage of his steed shewed him an accomplished horseman—a character which the youth of the period eagerly aspired to bear, as it was held honourable and necessary in the military qualifications for a knight. He was clad in polished steel, his head guarded by a glittering basinet, from the pointed crown of which arose a heron's plume. The visor was raised, and displayed a countenance of manly beauty, characterised by the lofty brow, and the proud glance of an eye that spoke a mind of haughty bearing. His mustachios fell on either side his upper lip, over the mail that closely enveloped his face. His haubergeon (or coat of mail) was covered by a surcoat of red velvet, upon which was wrought, purified with pearls, on a field azure, six white martlets.

"In his strong and gauntleted hand he held a lance, attached to the end of which was a small red pennon. His sword, emblazoned like his surcoat, was slung by a strap round his neck, supported by his bridal arm, and

secured, at the pommel, by a chain of silver, which was attached to the right of his breast, just below the camail (a piece of chain-mail armour), worn about the neck, dependent from the basinet to the shoulders. His feet, guarded by the soleset, or pointed shoe, rested in stirrups of enamelled steel.

"The horse that bore this comely knight was covered with housings of silk, which hung from either side the animal, embroidered with the arms of his rider, upon a ground of blue and silver. On the forehead of the courser appeared a small plate, called the chanfrain, formed of metal, and covered with velvet, having the six white martlets worked upon it in pearls.

"The esquire of the knight followed his master's steps, well mounted upon a handsome, chestnut-coloured horse. His head was surmounted by a steel cap, and his body clothed in a thick, quilted coat of leather, closely set with gilt nails; little armour, either plate or mail, being at this time worn by an esquire. He was armed with a sword, and from the saddle-bow hung an axe. There also depended the helmet of his master, as that ponderous guard for the head was alone worn by the knight, over the basinet in tournament or battle."

Our next example is a monastic scene.

"The prior was seated in a spacious chamber of the Gothic edifice just described, which received its principal light from four high-arched and richly-fretted windows; and at the east end of the room, within a recess, ascended by a few steps, appeared a beautiful oriel window of stained glass, enclosed by a tracery of the finest work. The ceiling was formed of carved oak, perforated in various elegant devices, and decorated at the termination of each arching beam with a fantastic mixture of carved heads; some representing those of saints, and others those of clowns or monsters.

"An image of the Virgin carved in wood, and richly painted and gilt, stood within a niche above the doorway. The walls were hung with sundry pictures, highly finished, in the hard style and severe outline of the Gothic school; yet possessing that nature and simplicity so characteristic of its works. Each saint introduced in these subjects appeared with a glory around the head, painted in leaf gold. The principal pictures represented the acts of the blessed St. Benedict, beginning with his birth at Spoleto in Italy, and bearing the date of that event, A.D. 480, beneath. His penance in the rocky wilderness was also depicted, and finally, his death at his own monastery at Cassino.

"The lower part of the chamber was hung with tapestry, ingeniously worked by some neighbouring nuns, and represented the pious labours of the holy Albus, a monk of the Benedictine order, who first converted to Christianity the province of Gascony.

"The chair in which Prior Philip was seated was of a character suited to the house. It was carved in oak, and on its back bore the twelve apostles. Two angels with spreading wings formed the arms; and, singular to say, the whole weight of these holy personages was supported by four most incongruous legs; the two foremost representing a couple of Gothic devils playing upon the violin, and the two hinder, as many clowns with their baubles in their hands. The table upon which the prior leaned was also of carved oak, but only its feet could be seen, as the top was covered by a cloth of woollen, whose various colours were woven into a representation of some church or monastery.

"The meditations of the holy man were interrupted by the entrance of a monk, John the Chronicler, whose name bespoke his office. Brother John softly raised the latch, and with a noiseless step stole into the room: where advancing a few paces he made a profound reverence to his superior, but did not speak, as if fearful of disturbing his reverie, and awaited some word or notice from the prior, to begin the conversation. The monk brought with him a roll of parchments, and an illuminated book, upon the margin of whose pages, depicted with minute attention, appeared the subjects illustrative of the work upon which the chronicler had been engaged.

"Good even, brother John," said the prior, putting down his pen, and slightly inclining his head as he addressed the monk, "what have you there?"

"I have brought, holy father," said the chronicler, "the book I wrote at your desire, and which Walter the Illuminator has just finished, that it may be ready, as you directed, to present to the Count de Foix, at the festival of Our Lady. I have brought also these parchments, which it has cost me much trouble to erase and clear of their original matter, in order to make room for the homilies of the blessed St. Hildebert. The matter of these writings was in the Latin tongue, composed by one Sir Titus Livy, a great heathen: knowing that after times would never think of him, whilst my chronicles would be read by the latest posterity, I have not scrupled to make Sir Titus give place to me in these parchments."

"Thou hast done well," said the prior, "and hast shewn the proper judgment of a chronicler. But is this all you bring me—nothing but a record of the dead, and no news of the living? Is my messenger returned whom I sent to gain private intelligence at Toulouse? are my letters gone to Avignon?"

"Thy messenger is not returned," replied John; "thy letters are on the road. But for the certainty that either the messenger or the letters will reach their destination in safety, no one can answer. The free bands are out again, scouring the country far and near, and Basile le Meneant of Lourde leads them to pillage every where save in Foix and Bearn; for there the lances of the count keep the rogues at bay, and our good knights track their footsteps as the blood-hound does the scent: but I have other news for you, holy father,—the Lord Peter of Roussillon is dead."

"What!" exclaimed the prior, "Peter of Roussillon dead?"

"It is even so," answered John, "he is no more; and I am to chronicle the acts of the late noble lord."

"Noble?" said the prior, "he little merited that title, brother John."

"I speak it," replied the chronicler, "only in respect to his rank and state."

"A greater tyrant than the Lord of Roussillon never lived," said the prior; "I have heard him boast that he has often stormed a castle after breakfast, hanged the inhabitants whilst he unlaced his corset, and made the cooks roast his dinner by the embers of the burning pile; and for cold-blooded deeds he had not his equal: but he is now well rewarded; hell shall burn fiercer to receive him. Set him down in thy chronicle a villain. He never heeded the church. If a florin could have freed his father's soul from purgatory, he would not give it. If I had seen him before he died, I would have threatened him with the terrors of the church. Had he left some of his ill-go-

wealth to pious uses, it might have helped to ease his soul from the grievous burden of his sins. Who is his heir?"

"His son, Robert of Roussillon, is the heir," answered John; "but my news is not yet all told: the greater part of his wealth is bequeathed to this monastery."

"To this monastery!" exclaimed the astonished prior.

"It is so, indeed," replied John; "for whilst the late lord was sick, brother Francis, of our house, chanced to be near him, and visited Roussillon out of Christian charity. He found the wretched sinner howling and calling upon God in the last agonies of death; so Francis gave him pardon, and the unction, and the hopes of bliss, on the condition that he should apply his worldly substance to the holy uses of this house."

"Francis did his duty as a churchman," answered the prior; "and though the sins of the Lord of Roussillon had been yet blacker than they were, such pious acts of penitence would wash them out. The rewards of Paradise keep pace with our repentance. Roussillon is therefore now but the gainer even by his sins; and though his wealth was ill-got, yet the foresight of Heaven, knowing that it would finally be applied to pious uses, allowed him the means of amassing it. The bounty of the late lord to this monastery must not be forgotten; Heaven is merciful, and teaches its charities to all men. Roussillon was penitent; let us not be hard upon him. Give him an honourable memory in thy chronicle, brother John. Let his piety be an example to other lords."

An exquisite of an hundred years ago is figured in the following whole-length:—

"Sir Evan and Sir Gracien de Foix were both handsome young men: the former had much of the dignity of his father in his countenance and mien, but blended with an air of more than common pride; there was something in Evan which created respect, but forbade to love him. Both these youths were magnificently attired in the habit of the period. Sir Evan wore a tight dress, that reached from the hip to the foot, of pale blue silk, and above it the coat or vest sat close to the body, and fell half way down the thigh. This vest was formed of crimson brocade, embroidered with gold, and fastened down the front with a row of brooches, like buttons, composed of precious stones. The throat was bare, and the mantle about the shoulders, of pale blue velvet, hung nearly as low as the feet, the border being scalloped, and crossing the breast; this mantle was fastened down the right shoulder by a row of four *fermailles*, or clasps, of jewels. Upon his head, Sir Evan wore a circle or fillet of fine pearls; and a belt elegantly wrought in gold, and set with jewels, was girt about his hips. The shoes, that reached as high as the instep, were of embroidered velvet."

A Lady's costume is as specific:—

"The Lady Jane of Boulogne appeared in a dress of white silk, that fell in graceful folds below her feet; her sleeves, of the same material, were long and tight, and fastened from the wrist to the elbow with jewels. The upper part of her dress and the waist was confined by a *cote-hardie* of green velvet, trimmed with ermine; it reached just above the bosom, and the robe or mantle was fastened to either side by a *fermail* of jewels placed in front near the shoulders, whilst the *cote-hardie* was clasped down the breast by diamonds. Her fine brown hair, parted at the back of the head, was bound into two long tresses of plaits, that hung down the back; and around her brows she wore a

circle of emeralds, intermixed with natural flowers. A light scarf of silver tissue, that occasionally served the purpose of a veil, was thrown carelessly about her neck."

A chamber of audience is another of Mrs. Bray's excellent drawings:—

"It was lofty and spacious, lighted by six large arched windows, that overlooked the garden, and commanded a view of the country as far as the eye could range, where the blue distance was finished by the bold outline of the Pyrenees, that often looked against the setting sun, like a flat mass of purple upon a ground of brightest gold. The chamber was hung with Venetian tapestry, representing the siege of Troy, and the acts of Achilles and Hector. A mirror, also of Venetian manufacture, and at that time considered of almost inestimable value, hung facing the entry of the apartment. The floor was inlaid with coloured marbles and strewn with fresh rushes, whose green and cool appearance was considered a luxury during the summer heats."

"The most beautiful flowers of the season, placed in vases of chased silver, decorated the room. The chair of state was of carved ivory, inlaid with gold. Behind it arose a high back, which supported a canopy, the whole formed of crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold. Opposite the chair of state stood a *buffet*, a piece of magnificence then in general use, which, according as it was constructed, denoted the rank of its owner. It was formed of finely carved oak, the back part, nearly half the height of the room, was finished by a rich canopy, with pinnacles at the top, that projected beyond the three rows of shelves beneath. These shelves, covered with napkins of white silk and silver tissue, bore upon them ewers, basins, vases, flagons, and cups of the finest chased gold and silver, with two *comfit boxes* (or spice boxes), each of pure gold, and set with jewels. The three shelves of the buffet denoted that the rank of De Foix was that of a *county* or earl. The dukes of the blood royal were entitled to four shelves to their buffets, and the king alone to five."

"A table, covered with cloth of gold, and supported by large chased silver feet, stood opposite the chair. Around the apartments were divers couches, each finished with a canopy and pinnacles (to correspond with the buffet), and covered with a piece of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, that trained upon the ground."

But our specimens are only a few of the interesting details with which these volumes abound; for scarcely is there a chapter without some curious and spirited sketch of scenes rescued from long oblivion: and we most cordially recommend these volumes to the lover of chivalric lore, and to the lovers of the Great Unknown (namely, Sir Malachi Malagrowther, whose manner is herein so cleverly imitated, and by a woman too).

If it were not that we durst not risk the innovation, we would have suffered this Review to go to the world with a parenthesis at the end of it (like a tail).

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the Years 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland, &c. &c. Translated by H. M. Williams. Vol. VI., in Two Parts. 8vo. pp. 845. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

In this volume we have as little of personal narrative as can well be fancied: its chief

merit (as we stated in noticing the French edition) consists in the curious statistical tables, in the general historical and comparative views of the new governments which have sprung up in the New Continent, and in the scientific inquiries, whether relating to geography, geology, astronomy, natural history, or other branches which have been presented to the attention of this very intelligent traveller. This volume is principally occupied with the Republic of Columbia, and with an account of the Carib nations: it is prefaced by a good map of Columbia. A discussion of the great problem of an oceanic canal between the South Sea and the Atlantic is also prominent among its contents, and will probably lead us into some remarks upon that important question. Meanwhile,—having already translated some of the most important statistical views into our columns,—we shall content ourselves with gathering what we can of personal narrative from the English version.

At setting out we find the author crossing the Oroonoko for the last time on the llanos del Pao, the eastern parts of the plains of Venezuela; thence he visits the missions of the Caribbees; and leaves the continent after a short abode on the coast of New Barcelona, Cumana, and Araya. On the llanos he says:

"In those equatorial regions, where you can find your course by observing the direction of the clouds, and where the oscillations of the mercury in the barometer indicate the hour almost as well as a clock, every thing is subject to a regular and uniform type. The cessation of the breezes, the beginning of the rainy season, and the frequency of electric explosions, are phenomena which are found to be connected by immutable laws.

"At the confluence of the Apure and the Oroonoko, near the mountain of Sacuma, we had met with a French farmer, who lived amid his flocks in the most absolute seclusion. This was the man who in his simplicity believed that the political revolutions of the old world, and the wars which have been the consequence, were owing solely 'to the long resistance of the monks of the Observance.' We had scarcely entered the llanos of Nueva Barcelona, when we again found a Frenchman, at whose house we passed the first night, and who received us with the kindest hospitality. He was a native of Lyons; had left his country at a very early age; and appeared extremely indifferent to all that was passing beyond the Atlantic, or, as they say here, disdainfully enough for Europe, 'on the other side of the great pool' (*del otro lado del charco*). Our host was employed in joining large pieces of wood by means of a kind of glue called *guayca*. This substance, used by the carpenters of Angostura, resembles the best glue extracted from the animal kingdom. It is found perfectly prepared between the bark and the albumen of a creeper* of the family of the *combretaceae*. It probably resembles in its chemical properties birdlime, the vegetable principle obtained from the berries of the mistletoe and the internal bark of the holly. An astonishing abundance of this glutinous matter issues from the twining branches of the *vejeco* de *guayca* when they are cut. Thus, we find within the tropics a substance in a state of purity, and deposited in peculiar organs, which in the temperate zone can be procured only by the processes of art."

* *Combretum guayca*. It might be thought that the name of *chigomier*, given by botanists to the different species of *combretum*, has an allusion to this glutinous matter; but the name is derived from *chigouma* (*Combretum laxum*, Aubl.), a word of the Galibi or Caribbee language.

There is something grotesque as well as strange in many of the particulars which attended the travellers in these regions.

"The humid spots are recognised at a distance by groups of mauritia, which are the sago-trees of these countries. Near the coast this palm-tree constitutes the whole wealth of the Guaraon Indians; and it is somewhat remarkable, that we had found it again 160 leagues farther south, in the midst of the forests of the Upper Oroonoko, in the savannahs that surround the granitic peak of Duida. It was loaded at this season with enormous clusters of red fruit, resembling the cones of firs. Our monkeys were extremely fond of this fruit, which has the taste of an over-ripe apple. These animals, placed with our baggage on the backs of the mules, made great efforts to reach the clusters that were suspended over their heads. The plain was undulating from the effect of the *mirage*; and when, after travelling for an hour, we arrived at these trunks of the palm-tree, which appeared like masts in the horizon, we observed with astonishment how many things are connected with the existence of a single plant. The winds, losing their velocity when in contact with the foliage and the branches, accumulate sand around the trunk. The smell of the fruit and the brightness of the verdure attract from afar the birds of passage, which delight in the vibrating motion of the branches of the palm-tree. A soft murmuring is heard around; and, overwhelmed by the heat, and accustomed to the melancholy silence of the steppes, we fancy we enjoy some coolness at the slightest sound of the foliage. If we examine the soil on the side opposite to the wind, we find it remains humid long after the rainy season. Insects and worms, every where else so rare in the llanos, here assemble and multiply. This one solitary and often stunted tree, which would not claim the notice of the traveller amid the forests of the Oroonoko, spreads life around it in the desert.

"From the coasts of New California to Valdivia and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, a space of two thousand leagues, every difficulty of a long journey by land may be surmounted if the traveller enjoy the protection of the American clergy. The power which this body exercises in the state is too well established to be soon shaken by a new order of things."

At Cari, they came into more common contact with people of the Carib race; and M. de H. says:

"It is curious to observe a nomad people, recently attached to the soil, and differing from all the other Indians in their physical and intellectual powers. I have no where seen a taller race of men (from five feet six inches to five feet ten inches*), and of a more colossal stature. The men, which is common in America, are more clothed than the women. The latter wear only the *guajuco*, or *perizoma*, in the form of a band. The men have the lower part of the body, as far as the hips, wrapped in a piece of blue cloth, so dark as to be almost black. This drapery is so ample, that, when the temperature lowers toward the evening, the Caribbees throw it over their shoulders. Their bodies being tinged with *onoto*,† their tall figures, of a reddish copper-colour, with their picturesque drapery, projecting from the horizon of the steppe against the sky as a

* "From five feet nine inches to six feet two, English, nearly."

† *Rocou*, obtained from the *bixa orellana*. This paint is called in Caribbee *bichet*."

back-ground, resemble antique statues of bronze. The men cut their hair in a very characteristic manner: like the monks, or the children of the choir. A part of the forehead is shaved, which makes it appear extremely large. A large tuft of hair, cut in a circle, begins very near the top of the head. This resemblance of the Caribbees to the monks is not the result of living in the missions; it is not owing, as it has been erroneously asserted, to the desire of the natives to imitate their masters, the fathers of the order of Saint Francis. The tribes that have preserved their savage independence, between the sources of the Carony and the Rio Branco, are distinguished by the same *cerquillo de frailes* which the first Spanish historians, at the time of the discovery of America, attributed to the nations of Caribbee origin. All the men of this race, whom we saw either during our voyage on the Lower Oroonoko, or in the missions of Pirito, differ from the other Indians not only by their tallness, but also by the regularity of their features. Their nose is not so large, and less flattened; the cheek-bones are not so high; and their physiognomy has less of the Mongol cast. Their eyes, darker than those of the other hordes of Guayana, denote intelligence, I had almost said the habit of reflection. The Caribbees have a gravity in their manners, and something of sadness in their look, which is found for the most part among the primitive inhabitants of the New World. The expression of severity in their features is singularly increased by the rage they have for dyeing their eyebrows with the juice of the *caruto*, enlarging them, and joining them together. They often mark the whole face with black spots, in order to appear more savage. The magistrates of the place, the *gobernador*, and the *alcaldes*, who alone have the privilege of carrying long canes, came to visit us. Among them were some young Indians from eighteen to twenty years of age, the choice depending solely on the will of the missionary. We were struck at finding among these Caribbees painted with *arnotta*, the same airs of importance, the stiff mien, and the cold and disdainful manners which are sometimes to be met with among people in office in the Old Continent. The Caribbee women are less robust, and uglier than the men. On them devolves almost the whole burden of domestic labours, as well as those of the fields. They asked us with earnestness for pins; which, having no pockets, they placed under the lower lip, piercing the skin, so that the head of the pin remained within the mouth. The young girls are dyed with red; and, except the *guajuco*, are naked. Among the different nations of the two worlds the idea of nudity is altogether relative. A woman in some parts of Asia is not permitted to shew the end of her fingers; while an Indian of the Caribbee race is far from considering herself as naked, when she wears a *guajuco* two inches broad. Even this band is regarded as a less essential part of dress than the pigment which covers the skin. To go out of the hut without being painted with *arnotta*, is to transgress all the rules of Caribbee decency."

After some discussion on North and South American antiquities, language, &c., M. de H. continues:

"The missionary led us into several Indian huts, where an extreme neatness and order prevailed. We saw with pain the torments which the Caribbee mothers inflict on their infants, in order not only to enlarge the calf of the leg, but to raise the flesh in alternate stripes from the ankle to the top of the thighs. Bands

of leather, or of woven cotton, are placed like narrow ligatures at two or three inches distant; and, being tightened more and more, the muscles between the bands become swelled. Our infants when swaddled suffer much less than these Caribbee children, in a nation which is said to be so much nearer a state of nature. In vain the monks of the missions, without knowing the works or the name of Rousseau, attempt to oppose this ancient system of physical education. Man when just issued from the woods, and who is thought to be so simple in his manners, is far from being docile with respect to his ornaments, and the ideas which he has formed of beauty and propriety. I observed, however, with surprise, that the manner in which these poor children are bound, and which seems to obstruct the circulation of the blood, does not weaken their muscular movements. There is no race of men more robust, and swifter in running, than the Caribbees.

"If the women labour to form the legs and thighs of their children so as to produce what the painters call undulating outlines, they abstain, at least in the llanos, from flattening the head, by compressing it between cushions and planks from the most tender age. This usage, so common heretofore in the islands, and among several tribes of the Caribbees of Parima and French Guyana, is not practised in the missions which we visited."

M. de H. assures us, that the Caribbees, so far from being, as usually supposed, cannibals, are the least anthropophagous nations of the New Continent: where civilised by the missions they are eloquent in an extraordinary degree, and

"The whole village assembles on holidays before the church, after the celebration of mass. The young girls place at the feet of the missionary faggots of wood, bunches of plantains, and other provision of which he stands in need for his household. At the same time the *gobernador*, the *fiscal*, and other municipal officers, all of whom are Indians, exhort the natives to labour, proclaim the occupations of the ensuing week, reprimand the idle, and, since it must be told, severely cudgel the untractable. The strokes of the cane are received with the same insensibility with which they are given. These acts of distributive justice appear very long and frequent to travellers, who cross the llanos in their way from Angostura to the coasts. It were to be wished, that the priest did not dictate these corporal punishments at the instant of quitting the altar, and that he were not in his sacerdotal habits the spectator of this chastisement of men and women: but this abuse, or, if the reader prefer the term, this want of propriety, arises from the principle on which the strange government of the missions is founded. The most arbitrary civil power is strictly connected with the rights which the priest exerts over the little community; and, although the Caribbees are not cannibals, and we would wish to see them treated with mildness and indulgence, it may be conceived, that energetic measures are sometimes necessary, to maintain tranquillity in this rising society."

"The chiefs of the independent Caribbees are hereditary in the male line only, the children of sisters being excluded from the succession. This is founded on a system of mistrust, which denotes no great purity of manners; it is the custom of India, of the Ashantees (in Africa), and among several tribes of the savages of North America. The young chiefs, like the youths who are desirous of marrying, are

subjected to the most extraordinary fasts and penances. They are purged with the fruit of some of the *euphorbias*; are sweated in stoves; and take medicines prepared by the *mariris* or *piaches*, which are called in the transallegan countries *war-physis*. The Caribbee *mariris* are the most celebrated of all: at once priests, jugglers, and physicians, they transmit to their successors their doctrine, their artifices, and the remedies they employ. The latter are accompanied with laying on of hands, and certain gestures and mysterious practices, which appear to be connected with the most anciently known processes of animal magnetism."

Leaving the mission of Cari, the author states—

"We had two bad stations, at Matagorda and at Los Riecoets, before we reached the little town of Pao. We met every where with the same objects; small huts constructed of reeds, and roofed with leather; men on horseback, armed with lances, guarding the herds; herds of cattle half wild, remarkable for their uniform colour, and disputing the pasturage with the horses and mules. No sheep or goats are found on these immense steppes! Sheep do not breed kindly in equinoxial America, except on the table-lands above a thousand toises high, where their fleece is long, and sometimes very fine. In the ardent climate of the plains, where the wolves give place to jaguars, these small ruminating animals, destitute of means of defence, and so slow in their movements, are unable to preserve themselves in great numbers."

"Since we had reached the middle of the steppes, the heat had increased to such a degree, that we should have preferred travelling no more during the day; but we were without arms, and the llanos were then infested by an immense number of robbers, who assassinated the whites that fell into their hands with an atrocious refinement of cruelty. Nothing is more deplorable than the administration of justice in the colonies beyond sea. We every where found the prisons filled with malefactors, on whom sentence is not passed till after waiting seven or eight years. Nearly a third of the prisoners succeed in making their escape; and the unpeopled plains, filled with herds, afford them both an asylum and food. They commit their depredations on horseback, in the manner of the Bedowens. The insalubrity of the prisons would be at its height, if they were not emptied from time to time by the flight of the prisoners. It often happens also, that sentences of death, tardily pronounced by the *audiencia* of Caracas, cannot be executed for want of a hangman. In these cases a barbarous custom prevails, which I have already mentioned, of pardoning one criminal on the condition of his hanging the others. Our guides related to us, that a short time before our arrival on the coast of Cumana, a Zambo, known for the great ferocity of his manners, determined to screen himself from punishment by becoming the executioner. The preparations for the execution, however, shook his resolution; he felt a horror of himself, and, preferring death to the disgrace of thus saving his life, called again for his irons, which had been struck off. He did not long suffer detention, and underwent his sentence by the baseness of one of his accomplices. This awakening of a sentiment of honour in the soul of a murderer, is a psychologic phenomenon worthy of reflection. The man who had so often shed blood when stripping the traveller in the steppe, recoiled at the idea of becoming the

passive instrument of justice, to inflict upon others a punishment which he felt perhaps he himself deserved."

"Our wastes and heaths are but a feeble image of the savannahs of the New Continent, which, for the space of eight or ten thousand square leagues, are smooth as the surface of the sea. The immensity of their extent insures impunity to vagabonds; for they are better concealed in the savannahs than in our mountains and forests; and it is easy to conceive, that the artifices of a European police could not be easily put in practice where there are travellers and no roads, herds and no herdsmen, and farms so solitary, that, notwithstanding the powerful action of the *mirage*, several days' journey may be made without seeing one appear within the horizon."

At length the party arrived at Nueva Barcelona, and the following curious scientific observation is made:—

"As we advanced, the sky became more serene, the soil more dusty, and the atmosphere more fiery. The heat, from which we suffered, is not entirely owing to the temperature of the air, but is produced by the fine sand mingled with it, that darts in every direction, and strikes against the face of the traveller, as it does against the ball of the thermometer. I never observed, however, the mercury rise in America, amid a *wind of sand*, above 45°-8° cent. Captain Lyon, with whom I had the pleasure of an interview on his return from Mourzouk, appeared to me also inclined to think that the temperature of fifty-two degrees, which is so often felt in Fezzan, is produced in great part by the grains of quartz suspended in the atmosphere."

At Barcelona Messrs. De H. and Bonpland remained about a month, and were most hospitably treated. During that time they visited some copious hot-water springs, at the distance of two leagues, and situated in the lofty mountain chain of Bergantin.

"The waters, loaded with sulphuretted hydrogen, issue from a quartzose sandstone, lying on the same compact limestone which we had examined at the Morro. We again found in this limestone intercalated beds of black hornstein, passing into *kiesel-schiefer*. It is not, however, a transition rock. . . . The thermal waters have only a temperature of 43°-2° cent. (the atmosphere being 27°); they flow first to the distance of forty toises over the rocky surface of the ground; are then precipitated into a natural cavern; and pierce through the limestone, to issue out at the foot of the mountain, on the left bank of the little river Narigual. The springs, while in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, deposit a good deal of sulphur."

A remarkable adventure terminated this excursion.

"Our host (says the narrator) had lent us one of his finest saddle-horses. We were warned at the same time not to ford the little river of Narigual. We passed over a sort of bridge, or rather some trunks of trees placed close together, and we made our horses swim, holding their bridles. The horse I had rode suddenly disappeared, after struggling for some time under water: all our researches to discover the cause of this accident were fruitless. Our guides conjectured that the animal's legs had been seized by the *caymans*, which abound in those parts. My perplexity was extreme: the delicacy and the fortune of my host forbade me to think of repairing his loss; and Mr. Lavie, more attentive to our situation than to the fate of his horse, endeavoured to tranquillise

us by exaggerating the facility with which fine horses were procurable from the neighbouring savannahs.

"The crocodiles of the Rio Neveri are large and numerous, especially near the mouth of the river; but in general they are less fierce than the crocodiles of the Oronoko. These animals display the same contrasts of ferocity in America as in Egypt and Nubia, which we recognise when we compare with attention the narrative of the unfortunate Burckhardt and that of Mr. Belzoni. The state of cultivation of different countries, and the population more or less accumulated in the proximity of rivers, modify the habits of these large *sauriens*, timid when on dry ground, and fleeing from man even in the water, when they find abundant nourishment, and when they perceive any danger in attacking him."

In sailing to Cumana the travellers were taken by a piratical privateer, and only saved from plunder, perhaps from death, by the opportune heaving in sight of the British sloop, Hawk, Capt. Garnier, who rescued and conducted them in safety to their destination. Cumana was in a state of blockade, and not a pleasant residence. M. De H., however, inspected near it a mine of native alum, on the northern coast of the peninsula of Araya. It is very abundant in many places, but the Indians conceal the spots.

From Cumana M. De H. went to Cuba; but he here (on the voyage) enters upon his long political speculations, which forbid us from following him further. We shall, nevertheless, have to return to this volume.

Diary of an Ennuyée. (Second notice.) DOUBLE, double toil and trouble sha'n't be our apology for a second paper on this single little volume: not only are good things at all times scarce, agreeably to the received doctrine, but such publications as this are scarce at all times. Therefore we beg to say, that we do not give it our repeated *devoirs* because we have no other sweet object (i. e. in critical loves, volume,) to admire; but because we like it the better upon greater intimacy: (we wish it were always so in life's intercourse!) But to book.

Never was the observation of Boileau, that to amuse the reader it is not so much necessary to say new things as to say them in a new manner, more distinctly verified than in this entertaining volume. A pile which, like the tower of Babel, would reach unto the clouds, might well be built of the various folios, octavos, and duodecimos, which have traced and retraced the vineyards of France, the myrtle groves of Italy, the elegant bustle of Paris, and the magnificent solitude of Rome: all these have already been set forth in a thousand and one different manners; but, nevertheless, this *Diary of an Ennuyée* has both novelty and amusement, and is the very reverse of its title. No doubt it touches on melancholy feelings and ever-recurring griefs; but we must give place to productions from the light and vivid pencil whose sketches are before us: French amusement is a fair example.

In the most crowded parts of the Champs Elysées, this evening (Sunday), there sat an old lady with a wrinkled yellow face and sharp features, dressed in a flounced gown of dirty white muslin, a pink sash, and a leghorn hat and feathers. In one hand she held a small tray for the contribution of amateurs, and in the other an Italian bravura, which she sung or rather screamed out with a thousand inde-

scribable shryggings, contortions, and grimaces, and in a voice to which a cracked tea-kettle, or a 'brazen candlestick turned,' had seemed the music of the spheres. A little farther on, we found two elderly gentlemen playing at seesaw; one an immense corpulent man, of fifteen stone at least; the other a thin, dwarfish animal, with grey mustachios, who held before him what I thought was a child, but, on approaching, it proved to be a large stone strapped before him, to render his weight a counterpoise to that of his huge companion. We passed on, and returning about half an hour afterwards down the same walk, we found the same venerable pair pursuing their edifying amusement with as much enthusiasm as before."

There is a certain degree of conventional twaddle which distinguishes all our professed tourists, tour-writers (who perhaps have not travelled), superficial folks who run to Rome and back again, &c. &c. &c. &c., which is probably illustrated in the following quotation: At Geneva

"We took a boat and rowed on the lake for about two hours. Our boatman, a fine, handsome, athletic figure, was very talkative and intelligent. He had been in the service of Lord Byron, and was with him in that storm, between La Meillerie and St. Gingough, which is described in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. He pointed out, among the beautiful villas which adorn the banks on either side, that in which the Empress Josephine had resided for six months, not long before her death. When he spoke of her, he rested upon his oars to descant upon her virtues, her generosity, her affability, her goodness to the poor, and his countenance became quite animated with enthusiasm. Here, in France, wherever the name of Josephine is mentioned, there seems to exist but one feeling, one opinion of her beneficence and *amabilité* of character. Our boatman had also rowed Marie Louise across the lake, on her way to Paris; he gave us no very captivating picture of her. He described her as '*grande, blonde, bien faite, et extrêmement fière*.' The day being rainy and gloomy, her attendants begged of her to defer the passage for a short time, till the fogs had cleared away, and discovered all the beauty of the surrounding shores. She replied haughtily and angrily, '*Je veux faire ce que je veux—allez toujours*.'"

Here the handsome, athletic, intelligent boatman, who had been in a breeze with Lord Byron, and so loved the Empress Josephine, was enough to bewilder one of our gentle, unsophisticated, ingenuous, and tender, sight-seeing countrywomen; but, as male critics, we must protest against her inference with regard to Marie Louise. We have seen that lady, and had some opportunities of knowing what she was and is—*mais* but (as we say at Dunkirk) if we had never heard of her except through the Genevese athletic and intelligent boatman's report, we should have pronounced her to be a fine woman and a noble creature: "*grande, blonde, et bien faite*," would have done our business on the first question; and on the second, the splendid "*Je veux faire ce que je veux—allez toujours*,"—worthy of Cæsar and his fortunes—would have rendered her an object of our everlasting admiration. How strange it is to find a similar thing related as a proof of foolish haughtiness in a woman, which, in one of the greatest men of antiquity, has been repeated for ages as an extraordinary instance of heroism.

But there is an immensity of Frenchness

and of French sentiment, not reconcilable with sterling British feelings, in this as in other parts of the volume; so that while we praise it for its pleasant reading, we hope we may not be thought to countenance its opinions, or rather want of just ideas. But let us look to characters, which are better worth attending to in this volume than the make-up additions of sentiment are. Let us take an extract—

"The public gardens are the work of the French, and occupy the extremity of one of the islands. They contain the only trees I have seen at Venice—a few rows of dwarfish unhappy-looking shrubs, pured by the sea breezes, and are little frequented. We found here a solitary gentleman, who was sauntering up and down with his hands in his pockets, and a look at once stupid and disconsolate. Sometimes he paused, looked vacantly over the waters, whistled, yawned, and turned away to resume his solemn walk. On a trifling remark addressed to him by one of our party, he entered into conversation with all the eagerness of a man whose tongue had long been kept in most unnatural bondage. He congratulated himself on having met with some one who would speak English; adding, contemptuously, that 'he understood none of the outlandish tongues the people spoke hereabouts:' he inquired what was to be seen here, for though he had been four days in Venice, he had spent every day precisely in the same manner; viz. walking up and down the public gardens. We told him Venice was famous for fine buildings and pictures; he knew nothing of them things. And that it contained also 'some fine statues and antiques'—he cared nothing about them neither—he should set off for Florence the next morning, and begged to know what was to be seen there? Mr. R— told him with enthusiasm, 'the most splendid gallery of pictures and statues in the world!' He looked very blank and disappointed. 'Nothing else?' then he should certainly not waste his time at Florence, he should go direct to Rome; he had put down the name of that town in his pocket-book, for he understood it was a very convenient place: he should therefore stay there a week; thence he should go to Naples, a place he had also heard of, where he should stay another week: then he should go to Algiers, where he should stay *three weeks*, and thence to Tunis, where he expected to be very comfortable, and should probably make a long stay; then he should return home, having seen every thing worth seeing. He scarcely seemed to know how or by what route he had got to Venice—but he assured us he had come 'fast enough';—he remembered no place he had passed through, except Paris. At Paris he told us there was a female lodging in the same hotel with himself, who, by his description, appears to have been a single lady of rank and fashion, travelling with her own carriages and a suite of servants. He had never seen her; but learning, through the domestics, that she was travelling the same route, he sat down and wrote her a long letter, beginning 'Dear Madam,' and proposing they should join company, 'for the sake of good fellowship, and the bit of chat they might have on their way.' Of course she took no notice of this strange billet, 'from which (added he with ludicrous simplicity) I supposed she would rather travel alone.'

"Truly 'Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.' After this specimen, sketched from life, who will say there are such things as caricatures!"

We will add another general example of the writer, from which a just idea of the volume, with its merits (not small) and defects (not heinous), may be formed. The scene is Florence.

"We leave our friend L. behind for a few days, and our Venice acquaintance V. will be our *compagnon de voyage* to Rome. Of these two young men, the first amuses me by his follies, the latter rather fatigues *de trop de raison*. The first talks too much; the latter too little: the first speaks, and speaks egregious nonsense; the latter never says any thing beyond common-place: the former always makes himself ridiculous, and the latter never makes himself particularly agreeable: the first is (*con rispetto parlando*) a great fool; and the latter would be pleasanter were he less wise. Between these two opposites, I was standing this evening on the banks of the Arno, contemplating a sunset of unequalled splendour. L. finding that enthusiasm was his cue, played off various sentimental antics, peeped through his fingers, threw his head on one side, exclaiming, 'Magnificent, by Jove!—grand!—grandissimo! It just reminds me of what Shakespeare says: 'Fair Aurora'—I forget the rest.'

"V., with his hands in his pockets, contemplated the superb spectacle—the mountains, the valley, the city, flooded with a crimson glory, and the river flowing at our feet like molten gold—he gazed on it all with a look of placid satisfaction, and then broke out, 'Well! this does one's heart good!'

"L. (I owe him this justice) is not the author of the famous blunder which is now repeated in every circle. I am assured it was our neighbour Lord G., though I scarce believe it, who, on being presented with the Countess of Albany's card, exclaimed—'The Countess of Albany! Ah!—true—I remember; wasn't she the widow of Charles the Second, who married Ariosto?' there being in this celebrated *brevet* a glorious confusion of times and persons, beyond even my friend L.'s capacity."

"The whole party are gone to the Countess of Albany's to-night to take leave: that being, as L. says, 'the correct thing.' Our motions of correctness vary with country and climate. What Englishwoman at Florence would not be *au désespoir*, to be shut from the Countess of Albany's parties—though it is a known and indisputable fact that she was never married to Alfieri? Apropos d'Alfieri—I have just been reading a selection of his tragedies—his Filippo, the Paszi, Virginia, Mirra, and when I have finished Saul, I will read no more of them for some time. There is a superabundance of harsh energy, and a want of simplicity, tenderness, and repose throughout, which fatigues me; until admiration becomes an effort instead of a pleasurable feeling. Marochesi, a celebrated tragedian, who, Minnotti says, understood '*la vera filosofia della comica*,' used to recite Alfieri's tragedies with him or to him. Alfieri was himself a bad actor and declaimer. I am surprised that the tragedy of Mirra should be a great favourite on the stage here. A very young actress, who made her *debut* in this character, enchanted the whole city by the admirable manner in which she performed it; and the piece was played for eighteen nights successively: a singular triumph for an actress; though not uncommon for a singer. In spite of its many beauties, and the artful management of the story, it would, I think, be as impossible to make an English audience endure the Mirra, as to find an English actress who would exhibit herself in so revolting a part."

"Tuesday.—Our last day at Florence. I walked down to the San Lorenzo this morning early, and made a sketch of the sarcophagus of Lorenzo de' Medici. Afterwards we spent an hour in the gallery, and bid adieu to the Venus—

O bella Venere!
Che sola sei,
Placer degli uomini
E degli dei!

When I went to take a last look of Titian's Flora, I found it removed from its station, and an artist employed in copying it. I could have envied the lady for whom this copy was intended, but comforted myself with the conviction that no hireling dauber in water-colours could do justice to the heavenly original, which only wants motion and speech to live indeed. We then spent nearly two hours in the Pitti Palace; and, the court having lately removed to Pisa, we had an opportunity of seeing Canova's Venus, which is placed in one of the Grand Duke's private apartments. She stands in the centre of a small cabinet, panelled with mirrors, which reflect her at once in every possible point of view. This statue was placed on the pedestal of the Venus de' Medici during her forced residence at Paris; and is justly considered as the triumph of modern art: but though a most beautiful creature, she is not a goddess. I looked in vain for that full divinity, that ethereal something which breathes round the Venus of the Tribune.

"The style of swearing at Florence is peculiarly elegant and classical. I hear the vagabonds in the street adjuring Venus and Bacchus; and my shoe-maker swore, 'by the aspect of Diana,' that he would not take less than ten pauls for what was worth about three;—yet was the knave forsworn."

From Naples we shall take but one memorial, and bid adieu to the Diary—our intercourse with which we must not prolong beyond reasonable bounds.

"M. brought with him this evening, for our amusement, an old man, a native of Cento, who gains his livelihood by a curious exhibition of his peculiar talents. He is blind, and plays well on the violin: he can recite the whole of the *Gerusalemme* from beginning to end without missing a word: he can repeat any given stanza or number of stanzas either forwards or backwards: he can repeat the last words one after another of any stanza or stanzas: if you give him the first word and the last, he can name immediately the particular line, stanza, and book: lastly, he can tell instantly the exact number of words contained in any given stanza. This exhibition was at first amusing; but as I soon found that the man's head was a mere machine, that he was destitute of imagination, and that far from feeling the beauty of the poet, he did not even understand the meaning of the lines he thus repeated up and down, and backwards and forwards,—it soon ceased to interest me, after the first sensations of surprise and curiosity were over."

There is some pretty poetry scattered through the volume, but we have already exceeded in our extracts, and can only, by way of finish, most cordially recommend this interesting Diary to our readers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 18.

THE Equestrian Theatre of Francoini was burnt to the ground on Tuesday evening. Messieurs Francoini are the Astleys of France. Every thing save their horses was consumed,

It is delightful to see in what esteem these persons are held. Subscriptions are opened every where to repair their losses; and his Majesty has set a noble example, in not only ordering a large sum to be paid from the fund of the Fine Arts as a subscription, but also that all the theatres royal shall give a benefit in their favour. The loss is estimated at £20,000.

M. Lanjuinais' *Jesuits in Miniature* has appeared: the first part is an analysis of the curious work of M. de Pradt, formerly Archbishop of Mechlin. Their adversaries hope that the prophecy will be fulfilled, and that the Jesuits will, as formerly, be overthrown by their own pupils. M. de Pradt, among other things, asks, "Is it not owing to Jesuitism that six millions of Irish Catholics continue in a state of Helotism?"

A lady, the Countess de M., has entered the polemical lists in favour of the priesthood: she wishes all the mayors of towns to be selected from the curés. The *Constitutionnel*, humorously enough, rallies the lady on her plan, and tells her she has left it imperfect, since, to have a completely religious administration, all the prefects should be bishops, or the bishops prefects, and all the cardinals ministers.

Shoals of pamphlets continue to appear against the projected law of primogeniture: Count Lanjuinais is preparing a thundering speech against it; and the *Constitutionnel* says, that England owes to it the law of entails—that two-thirds of the population are obliged to be supported by the parish!—a proof that all the madmen are not confined at Charenton. On reading so much nonsense about England, one would fancy it some island in the Indian seas, visited only now and then by missionaries.

The *Modern Biography*, by Messrs. Jay, Jouy, Arnault, &c. is just completed in 20 volumes. In the article "Wellington," it would appear that the French gained the battle of Vimeira, and that, after having conquered, they demanded to capitulate. This historical infidelity is easily accounted for, when it is known that the author of the article is one of the writers in the *Constitutionnel*. Yet, on the whole, the work is well executed, and we understand that a new edition is already preparing for the press.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FRENCH VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Dr. GAIMARD, the naturalist who accompanied M. de Freycinet in his voyage round the world, has lately visited England, to inspect the museums and private collections of natural history, and remark the principal desiderata which France has yet to obtain in that department. Dr. Gaimard is now travelling through Holland and Belgium with the same object. His mission is connected with the expedition round the world which is going out by order of the king of France, to make collections of zoology, especially in New Guinea, which, never having been explored, promises a plentiful harvest to science. The Astrolabe is preparing at Toulon, and will sail in the beginning of April. The expedition is charged also to survey the numerous islands of the Eastern Archipelago, upon some of which it is supposed that the unfortunate La Perouse and his crew were cast away.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE general meeting for the election of Presidents, Council, &c. of this Society was held on

the 6th instant, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse (one of the Vice-Presidents,) in the chair, when its officers were elected, and some other important business transacted. From a feeling of respect and gratitude for past benefits, perhaps too much cherished,—(since those who exerted themselves for the charity in by-gone times must naturally wish to see their places filled by younger and more active friends, now that they themselves rather seek to avoid the bustle of life, and content themselves with less stirring but not less benevolent services)—from this feeling, we say, there is rarely or never any change proposed in the nomination of the persons to whom the interests of this association, and, with them, the interests of every literary person in distress are confided. Two deaths, however, within the last year, made two vacancies in the number of Vice-Presidents, to fill which, Lord Radnor, an old benefactor, and Lord John Russell, a more recent patron of the Fund, were chosen. It seemed to be understood, upon some discussion, that henceforth, long abstinence from the meetings, and withdrawal from the personal countenance of the Institution, would be construed into a virtual resignation of office, in order to leave the path open for new and zealous members, who would push it into other channels, and augment its means of doing good by extending its connexions. No alteration worth mentioning took place in the Council or Committee of Management.

The Anniversary Dinner takes place in May; and since it is seen, by other charitable anniversaries, that not even the distresses of the times can impair the fountains whence such blessings flow, it is anticipated that the meeting will be, as for several years, distinguished by the presence of high rank and great genius. Literary contributions, musical talent, and a list of stewards well diversified in station and pursuits, had fair to render it equally brilliant and productive. On the latter point, indeed, we would not lay so much stress; we are sure that British benevolence will always be sufficiently manifest; but it is also gratifying to know, that by excellent, prudent, and liberal management, the Literary Fund is itself in a state to administer much relief to the forlorn and wretched labourers in literature, without the aid of that freely-contributed annual bounty which enables it to succour the destitute, and often to save the lives of the starving author, of the widow and the orphan, whencesoever the tale of misery is brought before it.

It is truly a noble Institution, and with an idea of the cases which, at every meeting, pray for help, no Briton, who feels compassion for the wants or sympathy for the deplorable condition of those most helpless of worldly strugglers, whom it is its object to save from horrors that defy description, could resist the impulse to become a contributor to the work of mercy.

CAMBRIDGE, March 17.—The following is a list of inceptors to the degree of Master of Arts, on Friday last:—

F. Field, G. B. A. C. J. Myers, Fellows of Trinity College; Rev. E. Nepean, Trinity College; Rev. T. Crick, Fellow of St. John's College; Rev. W. Hodgson, Rev. E. Fisher, Fellows of St. Peter's College; J. Penrice, Rev. R. Conyngham, St. Peter's College; Rev. C. Currie, Fellow of Pembroke Hall; G. Leapingwell, Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. Marshall, Queen's College; R. C. Wilby, S. S. Rusby, Fellows of Catharine Hall; R. E. Kerich, Christ College; Rev. R. Cory, R. Foley, Fellows of Emmanuel College.

On the same day the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

Doctors of Arts, — J. Bainbridge, St. John's College, (Compounder); W. A. Norton, Christ College, (Compounder).

Doctor in Physic, — G. Burrows, Caius College.

Bachelors of Arts. — C. W. Chalklen, Trinity College; F. Haswell, St. John's College; C. J. Green, Pembroke Hall; J. Robinson, Queen's College; W. Raymond, Catharine Hall.

The following summary of the members of this university is extracted from the *Cambridge Calendar* for the present year:

	Members of the Senate.	Members on the Boards.
Trinity College	597	1375
St. John's College	444	1062
Queen's College	61	220
Caius College	70	220
Christ College	50	224
Emmanuel College	59	215
St. Peter's College	59	192
Jesus College	74	191
Clare Hall	62	156
Corpus Christi College	57	153
Trinity Hall	27	139
Catharine Hall	30	133
Pembroke Hall	43	111
King's College	85	109
Magdalene College	37	80
Sidney College	30	94
Downing College	14	65
Commorantes in Villa	12	12
	1854	4866

It appears by the *Oxford Calendar*, that the total number in that university is 4,792, consequently Cambridge has a majority of 74 members. The increase since last year is 166.

FINE ARTS.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

The pen was in our hand to lay before our readers a description of the improvements projected about Charing Cross, when the newspaper, containing a report of Mr. Arbutnot's speech on that subject, in the House of Commons on Tuesday (when he introduced a bill to sanction the plan of Mr. Nash), was brought in: this, of course, has anticipated much of what we had to mention, but much also remains behind, which it affords us satisfaction to add, for the gratification of public curiosity.

The outline explained by Mr. Arbutnot was as follows:—To purchase the whole tract of buildings between the King's Mews and St. Martin's Lane,* and also the still larger tract (occupied by wretched courts and alleys), bounded on the north by Chandos Street, on the south by the Strand, on the west by St. Martin's Lane, and on the east by the paved court called Castle Court. On the first of these pieces of ground, together with the space already obtained by removing the Mews houses, &c., magnificent erections and embellishments of this part of the metropolis are contemplated; on the second, an oblong square of considerable extent, the alterations are to be directed to the improvement of the communication between the east and west ends of the town, so miserably inconvenient, and even hazardous in this quarter.

If our readers will suppose themselves to be looking from the centre of Whitehall, nearly opposite the Admiralty, in the line of the Statue of Charles I., we think we can enable them to form a pretty clear idea of the change which will be effected on the first site. A noble Square, open on the side towards the eye, will appear before them, 500 feet from the Statue to the Stables (nearly S. to N.), and 500 between the other two sides of the quadrangle (nearly E. to W.). Leaving Northumberland House on the right hand of the spectator, the buildings which are to form the east side of this square will have the noble portico of St. Martin's in their line, and on each side of the church will be a street running eastward, parallel to the Strand, as hereafter stated, in describing the second parcel of land. The Royal Academy and other public buildings are to occupy the southern extremity

* Many of these buildings are already down, and the space clear in front of the portico of the church.—Ed.

of this side. The north side consists of the Mews or stables, which will be improved in their frontage. Here are to be placed the Athenaeum Club-house, the chapel for the guards, the barracks, and, at the eastern angle, the house for the Vicar of St. Martins, towards the erection of which the present highly-esteemed incumbent, Dr. Richards, has so liberally contributed from his private fortune. On this side the opening will be so framed as to leave a grand vista from Pall Mall, terminated by the church and its splendid portico. On the north, also, it is probable that the National Gallery for pictures and statues will be situated. The west side is already almost entirely occupied by the Union Club-house, and the College of Physicians, &c. The Royal Society of Literature is to have its hall in this part,—the funds for which are rapidly accruing from the voluntary subscriptions of the members of that institution,—which displays (in addition to what he has given for many years towards the Literary Fund Charity) our gracious Monarch's regard for the interests of Learning, in as conspicuous a light as his other munificent acts have shewn him to be the patron and friend of the Arts and Sciences.

We now come to the second portion of the plan which was brought before the House of Commons, namely, the improvements from St. Martin's Lane towards the east. Of these we know nothing beyond what was stated in the House. The Strand is to be widened from 35 to 60 feet, all the way to Bedford Street. There are to be three diagonal streets from the Strand to Chandos Street within this distance; and Hemmings Row will be made a wide street into Leicester Square.

Having thus far gone through the plans exhibited to Parliament, and related the additional particulars with which we were previously acquainted, we shall take this occasion to notice the farther alterations which are to proceed at the same time in a spot immediately adjacent.—Carlton House will be taken down at the latter end of the ensuing summer, and preparations are now making for the temporary reception of the furniture belonging to that royal residence, till the new palace at Buckingham House is completed. On the ground opened by the removal of Carlton House, many noble edifices are to be erected, all of which will probably be occupied by our first nobility: for we understand that the applications to the crown for sites to build upon, from individuals of that elevated rank, already amount to a request for ten times more space than can be granted. It is also likely that a club house, for the United Service Club, enlarged, and on a much greater scale than heretofore, will stand on this area. There is to be an opening into the Park, which will be a striking improvement: from this, turning towards the right, a noble row of architectural houses (we call them so, to distinguish columned, porticoed, pilastered, corniced, friezed, and ornamented buildings, from plain brick or stone fronts,) will face the Canal. These will stand on a terrace, and stretch from the opening (a continuation of Waterloo Place) to the Ordnance

* We have stated this doubtingly, because, in point of fact, several of the features of this magnificent plan must be modified and regulated by the decision, whether there is to be a central building or not. Should the quadrangle, instead of being left open, as some persons of taste think it ought to be, have this grand Parthenon-like structure in the centre, that building would either serve for the Royal Academy or the National Gallery, and, consequently, one or other of these be unnecessary on either of the sides. In this case there will be an equestrian statue of George III. on one side, and another of George IV. on the other side, and the statue of the first Charles in front of this temple.

Office, where the line will terminate. This terrace and its superstructures will, in short, occupy the present gardens of Carlton House, which reach from Spring Garden gate to the Ordnance Office, and are now bounded by the dead wall towards the ride in the Park. We have not heard whether any buildings are projected on the left, towards Spring Gardens; but, as Warwick House cannot be a great obstacle, it is, we imagine, most probable that this would follow as a necessary consequence, after the completion of the parts we have already described.

These improvements, it is evident, must materially deteriorate the value of the south side of Pall Mall, which, instead of having a view of gardens in the rear, will be built up; indeed, we are informed that the Duke of Buckingham's house would have been sold very recently, but for this contemplated injury to its situation.

In bringing these matters forward, we have abstained from expressing any opinions as to the advantage of carrying the improvement of the Strand to where improvement is most needed, from Southampton Street to the eastern end of Exeter 'Change;—as to the expediency or inexpediency of changing the system of the British Museum; or as to expense generally. On the first of these points, we shall only remark, that till the nuisance is abated by the demolition of Exeter 'Change, the Menagerie, and the inferior houses adjacent, the Strand can never become a convenient thoroughfare; at present, so far from being adequate, as one of the two principal avenues to the traffic and intercourse between the east and west of London, it would be a positive and dangerous communication in any stirring town of ten thousand inhabitants. We, therefore, earnestly hope that Lord Exeter, the proprietor, may be influenced (without loss to his estate), so that the improvements from Charing Cross to Bedford Street may be rendered efficient by being continued from Southampton Street to Exeter 'Change. With regard to the second point, it would lead us into far too many details were we to enter upon it. We think it advisable that all our national treasures should not be concentrated on one spot, but that, on the contrary, the Capital should be enriched and adorned, at eligible distances, with here a Picture Gallery, there a Library, and elsewhere collections of Natural History,* or other Sciences. As for the expense of any or all these improvements, not more than becoming in a people who call themselves great, we do not care if we never heard a calculation upon the subject, or a hint of what interest might be expected from the outlay. Surely, even in these difficult times, the public wealth of the country could not be better employed than in promoting them most liberally;† but as it happens that the cost will not be immense, and the returns con-

* We do not include the *Noah's Ark* project (now called, we believe, the *Zoophysical Society*, or some such name) for congregating together in Britain, and indulging in their natural habits, all the beasts of the earth, all the fowls of the air, and all the fishes of the waters. This notable plan is, we hear, still going forward; two lions, a couple of whales, a pair of cockatoos, two kangaroos, and ten monkeys, are bespoken. The principal subscribers went into mourning for the death of the elephant: Mr. Martin is spoken of as governor, with a salary of three thousand a year.

† That such is the feeling of Parliament, at once wise and liberal, was manifested on Wednesday, when a motion made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for 900*l.* to pay for three pictures added to the National Gallery, was instantly agreed to. These pictures are the famous *Bechius and Ariadne* by Titian, a fine *Nicolo Poussin*, and an equally capital, though not very large, *Annibal Carracci*. Such things are truly national treasures, and display the wealth, refinement, and grandeur of a country.

siderable, it may be as well to support our character as a nation of shopkeepers, by stating the fact for the benefit of the economists.

It would be too much to pursue in this number of the *Literary Gazette* the subject of the general improvements in contemplation in and about the metropolis, and most of them adverted to by Sir Charles Long, in his admirable pamphlet ("Short Remarks and Suggestions," &c.); but our attention has been directed to one or two material parts by a correspondent, whose hints we will add, as we deem them to possess sufficient interest to merit consideration.

Sir C. Long says, "Westminster has been lately, and still promises to be, the scene of extensive alterations. The Exchequer offices in Palace Yard, it is supposed, from their state of decay, will shortly remove themselves, if no human aid is applied to their removal; they might, it is presumed, be conveniently placed at Somerset House, and the east front of that building, so long neglected, completed for that purpose. Upon the space these offices now occupy might be erected new courts of law, if necessary, or buildings connected with them, the architectural character of which should accord with that of Westminster Hall; the island of houses occupying the space between Bridge Street and New Palace Yard should then be taken away; and thus this entrance into London, the approach of most of the distinguished foreigners who visit us, would be rendered most striking, in exhibiting to the greatest advantage those beautiful specimens of ancient structure, Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey."

Our correspondent's opinion coincides, where it touches, with this. He thinks that a building ought to be erected to correspond with the new one just finished, on the right flank of the front of Westminster Hall (the new court), and that all those old houses on the left flank should be pulled down to the river side: this would leave a fine view from Westminster Bridge, which is now spoilt by those shabby houses standing between the river and the Hall. The corresponding structure might be a Public Record or State Paper Office, or similar establishment.

He adds—another great improvement would be, the cutting off corners of streets, after the manner of the Old Bailey, in Ludgate Hill; but rounding them would look better, and would be as easy for vehicles to turn, besides giving a noble and open appearance, particularly at cross streets throughout London.

As these questions will naturally often claim our notices as the works proceed, we shall now conclude.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We enjoyed on Thursday a hasty promenade over the rooms in Suffolk street, where the third exhibition of this society is disposed, to be opened for public inspection and patronage. There are, in all, 761 productions of Sculpture, Painting, Drawing, and Engraving; so that numerically the attraction is abundant. The *coup d'œil* is also, we are glad to say, rather favourable to this establishment, being distinctly an advance in individual art and general effect beyond last year. Landscape seems to be the principal feature, in which class we notice foremost an admirable performance by Linton, of *Greek Conquerors returning home in Triumph*; but Hoffland, J. Wilson, Glover, Stanfield, Roberts (architectural), Cartwright (a burning seapiece), follow him, each in their peculiar lines, with no unequal steps. Of the higher range of

Art there are (as in every British exhibition) comparatively few specimens. *The Death of Abel*, by J. Stump, is a work of considerable merit and great promise. Martin has a grand *Scene from Manfred*—a truly poetical conception in his own style. In Portraiture there are a number of very clever things; the most conspicuous, which we observed, were by Lonsdale, Wood, and Noble. Familiar life and humorous composition have their full complement of representations. Richter is excellent in his *Annete and Lubin*, which tells the story of a young clown forced to marry under certain circumstances, with infinite whim and expression. Sharp's *Open your eyes and shut your mouth*, is another hit in this line. *Scene from Don Quixotte*, R. B. Davis, is a capital composition. Frazer and Kidd are also happy; and we noticed a young artist of the name of Gill, imitating Teniers in a way which needs only to be pursued. E. Landseer is pre-eminently great in animal life: his *Serpent and Lion* is wonderfully fine, and his two pointers *To be nature itself*. Blake, Pidding, and some others, shine in game pieces. Lance has a very rich painting of fruit; and there are indeed a multitude of less obvious performances of merit and good augury, which it is not in our power to particularise. The department of Sculpture is also more and better filled than in the preceding exhibitions.

[Owing to the necessary extent to which the two preceding articles have gone, we are compelled to postpone our Review of New Publications, and other Sights of Pictures, &c. till next week, when we purpose to allot a few columns to these claims.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MOON.

THE Moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she shined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it was in vain she shined:

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne;
She is a beauty and a queen;
But what of this? she is alone.

Where are those who may share with thee
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose, but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother Earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a Solitary there. L. E. L.

IANTHE.—A PORTRAIT.

HER likeness! why it is a vain endeavour
To image it. Painting or words may never
Say what she was; yet dwell I on the task,
As if that Poesy had a right to ask
From Memory its treasure. She was fair:
Vague words! that is but what a thousand are.
I will be more distinct: her face was fine
And perfect, in its soften'd Grecian line.
The temples were transparent, and so white,
That the blue veins ran through like rays of
light. [proud,
The brow was noble, queen-like, somewhat
But this seem'd as it were of right allow'd—
For mind was in its beauty, and you gazed
On its high meaning till no more amazed
At what seem'd History's fiction,—when that
queen— [been—
Martyr—and heroine—woman—by turns had

I heard she was unhappy, and I check
My eager gaze at first; she might suspect—
For sorrow brings distrust—that it was less
Pity for her than idle curiosity.
This wore away; and then I loved to dwell
On beauty, that to me was all a spell.

How did I watch upon her soft eyes' keep,
Half-hidden by the eyelids' fringed sweep,
Which seem'd as if they hid from daylight's
glare

The mournful meanings settled darkly there—
The heart's deep-spreading sadness, till it made
The very light around perpetual shade!
But 'tis her voice that haunts me,—that low
tone,

Melting as Woman's, Love's, or Pity's own—
Like silver tuned to music, or a bird
Gifted with human language—but each word
As sweet as any note that might belong
To the first murmur of a Minstrel's song.
I loved her with youth's first and fiery love,
That holds its own divinity above
All things which are of earth, yet not the less
For this, I loved with manhood's steadiness;
And yet it lives, though now its only food
Is memory. IOLE.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

No. VII.—An Index to my Lady's Album.

Oh quam formosa! cerebrum non habet.

PHÆDRUS.

A PRETTY little volume, with a pretty little
cover; [hover;

A frontispiece, o'er which two pretty little Cupids
An acrostic on the pretty little owner of the
book; [crook;

A portrait of a pretty little shepherd with a
Some stanzas by a pretty little authoress of
fame;

Some others by Eugenio—a pretty little name;
Two pretty little smiles about a pair of eyes;
Three pretty little elegies, stuck full of pretty
sighs;

A pretty little picture of a virgin in a grove;
A ditto of a pretty little gentleman in love—
Each smiling in the other's face as prettily as
can be; [“Granny;”

A pretty little tale in prose, like “Eloise;” or
A pretty little pastoral, remarkably romantic;
A ditto by a youngster who is manifestly frantic;
Some pretty little music, rather hard to under-
stand; [hand;

A pretty little Venus, with a turtle-dove in
An ode to Love, a thundering Pindaric on
Despair. [may swear;

Both pretty little touching manufactures, you
Two pretty little couplets on two pretty lips
and small, [I never shall;]

(Which I never yet have kiss'd, and am afraid
A pretty little sunset, full as red as any rose,
With verses like the twilight, made to lull you
to repose;

Three pages upon nothing, but intended to be
wit,

Reversing the old proverb of *ex nihilo nil fit*.
A pretty little storm, described in pretty little
rhyme, [sublime;

Which, but for its absurdity, would really be
A pretty little anagram; two riddles on a tear;
Three rebuses by one who is no conjuror, I
fear;

A pretty little satire, inoffensive as a child;
A tempest in the Highlands, which look any
thing but wild;

Four odes, as long as tailors' bills; a poem in
blank verse. [which is worse;

(Exceeding blank); a fairy tale in Sapphics,
A pretty little etching of Canova's Graces,
merry all [burial;

And talkative, apparently, as mutes are of a

A pretty little Adam, and a pretty little Eve—
(Quite a summer eve in beauty)—with a posy
in her sleeve;

A pretty little story of a wild Italian bandit,
Exceedingly affecting, if one could but under-
stand it;

Some pretty little flowers, and some pretty little
shells, [don belles:—

Bepainted most divinely by some pretty Lon-
Dear reader, all these pretty little items, great
and small,

Are a pretty little lady's, who is prettier than
all.

SKETCHES.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter I.

I BEG pardon, Mr. Editor, I hope I don't in-
trude; but I was just thinking that, as I had
nothing to do till the 15th of April, if I did not
try in the interim to kill time, it would be sure
to kill me; and besides I have always been a
great admirer of the first French phrase which
my good master the Abbé Penitence flogged
into me: *J'aime mieux faire des riens que de ne
rien faire*; which being interpreted means, I
had rather pry into other people's affairs than
be idle. This principle has grown with my
growth and strengthened with my strength, as
all the Haymarket knows; so I resolved to
amuse myself by travelling for six months. My
first idea was to go and take a peep how the
Burmese war went on, and examine whether
the Bamboo stockades, of which they talk so
much, ought to bamboozle a pupil of Coehorn
and Vanban; but finding that the *Enterprise*
steam vessel has been two months in singling
the Cape, and we have no news of her having
doubled it, I reckoned it too far to venture, lest
it might make me break my April engagement.
I then thought of St. Petersburg; but my friend
and near relation, Alexander, being dead, and
besides recollecting that winter was coming, or
come on, I feared, what would be as bad as kill-
ing me outright, a cold reception. On the other
hand, it seemed to be the toss-up of a half-
penny, whether I should have to “make my
leg” to Nicholas or Constantine, and whether
I ought to appear at the Court of St. Peters-
burg as *Mauveorm* or *Captain Bobadil*. In
this uncertainty I tacked about to the South,
and resolved on visiting “sweet Italy and
France,” being previously assured by a member
of the Traveller's Club, that in winter one is
in little danger of being crammed with frogs
in France, or bitten to death by fleas in Italy.

Having now made up my mind as to my
route, I went to my attorney, and made my
will, in which I have cut off my heirs-at-law
with a shilling, for reasons best known to my-
self. This important business despatched, I
hastened to the French ambassador's for my
passport, when I was asked for my additions;
a very improper word, in my opinion, for pro-
fessions in general are any thing but additions.
I was puzzled, like Sterne under similar cir-
cumstances; and unfortunately no Shakspeare
was lying on the table. The clerk, seeing my
embarrassment, politely asked me to take a
seat, and began again. “Your name, sir?”
—“Paul Pry.”—“Your qualities?”—“Oh,
sir, on their own merits modest men are
dumb.”—“I mean your additions?”—(Hang
the word!)—“An old umbrella, and a quizzing
glass.”—“Nonsense, Mr. Pry, what are you?”
—“This was a home thrust; for all the world,
even Paul Pry included, generally wish to ap-
pear what they are not.”—“In France, sir, I
believe they would call me an *artiste*; in Hol-
land, a *Toonelspeler*; in England the critics
call me an actor, and my washerwomen, a real

gentleman every inch of him.”—“I fancy,
sir, I must put you down *Esquire*; for that is
the cognomen which every Englishman below a
knight wishes to have.”

This settled, then came the description of
my person, and a funny one it was, agreeing to
a tittle, excepting the beard, with the *signale-
ment*, I think they call it, of Mrs. Susan Sly,
who happened to call for her passport at the
same time. I know it to be the fact, however
you may doubt it, as I peeped over her shoulder
as she read, or rather spelt it to herself. —“I
hope no offence, madam; I see you are going
to the Continent?”—“Continent, sir, what
do you mean? Why, bless me, is it you, Mr.
Pry? I was just going to be angry at an im-
pertinent stranger, but you are privileged, you
know, to peep.”—“Well, Mrs. Sly, I am
happy to find I am so like you.”—“Like me,
Mr. Pry, how? in the face; our fathers and
mothers—eh!—lie on you, Mr. Pry.”—
“Nay, my dear, do look at our passports?”—
She looked and compared notes, and we spon-
taneously exclaimed, “Why, brother Pry.”—
“Why, sister Sly.”—A Frenchman at that
instant came in, and saluted us with *good bye*.

Jogged gently along to the golden cross; I
hate crosses; there we found Mr. Maudit—he
a name *mal sonnante*, and of bad omen; he was
cursed crusty because I would not *book* all the
way to Paris, and I asked him two or three
questions without receiving an answer. “So,”
says I, “if a man cannot answer a civil ques-
tion in a civil way, he is unfit for his place,
even be it only book-keeper at a coach-office.”—
and away I went to another office, the Spread
Eagle, in Regent Circus. The coach goes to
Dover in the daytime, and charges eight shil-
lings less, which cheapness induced me to take
my only son, Paul, with me, who, with Mrs.
Sly's maid, filled the coach—a thing I was af-
terwards sorry for, as no information could be
got from her.

My son Paul was quite delighted; so, lay-
ing in a stock of gloves, silk stockings, and
Bandana handkerchiefs, he got ready to start
with us the very next morning. A tall fellow,
standing at the door of the coach-office, bawled
out, “Take all that luggage in and weigh it!”
which they did, even to a band-box, and we
had to pay fifteen shillings for extra weight.
We started, and right glad was I to find that
my tall friend was our coachman; and I be-
thought me of Tam O'Shanter's wife, who

“Gathered her brows like a gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

We started at ten A. M., and, as the coach
engaged to go “mail pace,” we were to dine
at Canterbury at six P. M., and arrive at
Dover at eight; but, as we went, instead
of a mail pace, at a snail pace, their promises
were like pie-crusts. After a stop at Roches-
ter, our tall coachman again mounted the box,
and drove us to Canterbury, there he re-
mained; and as we were going to start, he
opened the door and said—“Remember the
coachman.”—“Remember you, my good fel-
low, to be sure I will, and you shall remember
me; it was your turn in the morning, it is
mine now. You are a busy meddling fellow
(my heart smote me a little as I said this); and
I shall not give you a shilling for any of us.”—
“You are a pretty gentleman!” said he, for
which compliment I took off my hat, and made
him a bow, as he slammed the door to, and
told the coachman a lie—“all right.”

At ten we arrived at the Ship, at Dover,
where a delicious supper of rump-steaks and
oyster-sauce awaited us, with some excellent ale.
I ate and drank *comme quatre*, reflecting that,

perhaps, I might never more partake of true English cheer; and drinking a bumper to the health of his Majesty, and prosperity to old England, I retired to rest.

It is only when alone, and in my bed, that I have time to reflect on my own interests; for, in the daytime, or in company, my active philanthropy is unceasingly occupied with the affairs of other people, from whom I seldom experience that gratitude to which my unwearied interference for their interests entitles me; but I feel consoled by the reflection, that I have the greater merit in serving my friends, when I know I shall not be thanked for it: and as to what they call curiosity, why it is no such thing. Had I not just taken a peep through the key-hole, and fainted away, Lord W. would never have been able to have procured his divorce; and I could name a thousand services rendered in this way, which have often been shamefully requited.

Laid quiet on my pillow, I began to think on the object of my journey, and was somewhat surprised to find that really I had none. What, said I to myself, Paul, are you going to follow the example of the great swarm of English emigrants to France, who leave England, they know not why, to see they know not what; and who, when they have got abroad, travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find it all barren; or what is worse, think to ingratiate themselves with foreigners by railing against their own country; for which they are heartily despised by the very persons they try to compliment. Whatever vices a Frenchman may have, talking against his country is not one; he, on the contrary, conceals her foibles, exalts her virtues, and upholds her fame.

Now, said I to my pillow, I will not imitate the follies of my countrymen. I will endeavour to see what is to be seen; I will try to know what is to be known, and feel proud if, in divining the secrets of the French ministry, I can serve our own; if, in examining the manners, customs, arts, and industry of France, I can glean something that may be useful to my native country. This dose of philosophy I believe sent me to sleep, for I recollect nothing farther. I slept soundly till boots came to call me.

All our trunks being examined at the custom house to see whether we had not a steam engine or a power loom concealed in them, we at length embarked. We had not got three cables' length from shore when my boy cried out, "Father, *Sic gloria mundi*—I am sick this glorious Monday."—"Fine boy," said I, "thou wilt be a very Parr or Porson one of those days." A brisk gale sprung up, with the wind in our teeth; when the narrative of the adventures of all the passengers may be told in a few words.

I am sick.
Thou art sick.
He, or she is sick.

We are sick.
You are sick.
They are sick.

With what delight we hailed the port of Calais—its light-house and its spire; and when once within the jetty we were all right. The woe-begone countenances brightened up, and the ladies found they could eat any thing they could get; for it is a rule in physiology as well as in philosophy, that nature abhors a vacuum.

Calais has been so often described that even I can add nothing new. As we went along I was struck with the vigilance of the French police; a large paper was posted on a door, with the words, "The Small Pox is in this house." Were such a system adopted in England, how many lives would be preserved! On my mentioning the subject to a friend, he assured me that a person was fined if he did not inform the police of the circumstance, and that it was equally

finable to carry any child or person into the street or public walks before they were perfectly recovered. On landing, a score of *Commissioners*, as they call themselves, poked the cards of the respective hotels in our faces: but I had made up my mind to go to Quillac's, for this reason, whenever I have seen a bill posted in a window, "No connexion with the next shop,"—I have always found it best to go to the next shop, where I had at least a chance of being honestly dealt by. Now the *frères Dessin* continually advertise to warn the public not to confound their hotel with the hotel Quillac. Good wine needs no bush; and those who like English comforts, cleanliness, good living, and moderate prices, will find all united at Quillac's, as my friends and I can tell by experience.

To shew I knew something of ordering dinner from a French *carte*, I commanded our repast for five. *Soup à la Julienne, côtelettes de mouton, salmi de perdreaux, rognons au vin de Champagne, à poulet au jus.* Second service—*un canard sauvage, une sarcelle, macaroni des épinards, beignets de pommes, and une omelette soufflée.* The dessert was good, according to the season; and for all, the charge was four francs,—3s. 4d. per head. *Vive M. Quillac!*

As to the Custom House, I have only sad news to give of it. All my son's things were seized; but mine, thank Heavens, were intact, and passed safe. While at Calais I could not refrain from ordering, though I did not want them, a couple of pair of boots from the best boot-maker in Europe, Ringot. Why does not the foot go to London, where, instead of selling his boots at twenty francs a pair, he would get two guineas? but, *aux âmes bien nées la patrie est chère*, and M. Ringot remains at Calais.

We were invited to breakfast with an old acquaintance, who, like many of our countrymen, find the climate of France less hot than that of England, let Reaumur and Fahrenheit say what they may. There he was, quite in the French style. No cloth on the table, oysters, chops, fruit, and coffee. My son Paul could only be persuaded to eat an egg. "Father," said he, as we came away, "I wonder how you could eat any thing. I took a peep into the kitchen, which was worse than a pig-sty: the cook turned the chops with her fingers, and—" "Fie on you, you young dog! you will spoil my digestion: hold your tongue."

[This Journal will be continued weekly.]

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE new operatic drama of *Benyowski*, which has been performed twice, and is announced for frequent repetition, is from the pen of Mr. Kenny, a gentleman who ranks deservedly high as a dramatic writer; to whom we are already greatly indebted for amusement; and to whose productions we always look with a certain degree of interest and curiosity. The subject of the play was originally dramatised by Kotzebue, and something like a translation of the German piece was acted some years ago at Covent Garden, though with very indifferent success. In the present instance, Mr. Kenny has trusted but little to his predecessors; he has taken the main incident which is to be found in the *Memoirs of the Exile*, and upon this he has erected a superstructure of his own, occasionally indeed pursuing a course something similar to those who have gone before him, but differing from them generally, both in arrangement and detail. Whether it be judicious for a man of talent, who possesses the ability to

construct a plot, to invent characters, and to write with elegance, thus to encumber himself with persons and incidents so very devoid of novelty, is a question which, we think, must be decided in the negative; and to former failure, to prejudice, and to want of freshness, may in some measure be attributed the coldness with which *Benyowski* was received. Another difficulty with which the author has had to contend, and for which he is greatly to be pitied, is the incapacity of the company. The cast, it is true, comprises some of the most distinguished of his "Majesty's servants" at present under engagement; but, with the exception of Harley, there is not one in the whole assembly who ought properly to stand higher than a third, or at the utmost, a second-rate performer. Miss Foote is most assuredly a very pretty woman; but she is neither an actress nor a singer; and yet the representation of the tender and confiding *Athanasia* should be endowed with both these qualifications. Wallack and Bennett are clever in *melo-dramas* and *pantomimes*, but are exceedingly weak when intrusted with characters of importance; and Bedford, who plays the governor and father, is fit for nothing but a part in a glee or a chorus. After stating these drawbacks upon the representation of the drama, we have only to observe, that Mr. Kenny has shewn his accustomed tact and skill in the development of his story; that he has introduced a very entertaining Russian epigrammatist, called *Tristram Stark*, who is admirably personated by Harley; that there is some good scenery, by Stanfield and Roberts; and that, by way of being consistent in costume, a point upon which our theatres greatly pride themselves, Mr. Wallack and Mr. Bennett, and all the males, figure after in furs and great coats; whilst Miss Povey skips through the frost in a ball-room dress of scarlet and sky-blue; and hops about most truly, as the banished poet expresses it,

"Like a robin red-breast in the snow."

There is some pleasant music, selected by Mr. Livinus and others, and the overture is appropriately enough by Winter.

The announcement of *Oberon* at Covent Garden has, it should seem, induced the manager of this theatre to bring out a piece taken from the same poem. To fair competition we can offer no possible objection; but is it, we would ask, either liberal or wise to take such a method as this to attempt to diminish the attraction of a rival establishment? We had entertained a hope that the agreement which was signed by the proprietors of both houses, as to certain points of management, would (at least in many of its particulars) have continued in operation, as we are quite sure that a paltry, petty warfare like the present, can lead only to mutual ruin. We know nothing of the pecuniary circumstances of either theatre but from the newspapers; and, recollecting what we have lately read of a meeting of creditors on one side, and a chancery suit on the other, we think it would be much more desirable that each should look to its own peculiar preservation, than that, like two desperate and drowning men, they should try to suffocate and engulf each other. In addition to this, Mr. Elliston should remember that the opposite party possess ample means of retaliation. The forthcoming opera of *Aladdin*, if we are correctly informed, is a translation from the French. How easy, therefore, would it be for the manager of Covent Garden, who has all the scenery and properties at hand, to set some of his subalterns to work, and bring out an *Aladdin* of his own? With *Vestris*, *Brabaw*,

Philips, and Miss Paton, he would have no great trouble in making his adversaries "hide their diminished heads."

On Saturday last the Adelphi Theatre concluded a season of great success, the first under its new managers, Messrs. Terry and Yates, whose exertions as managers, and whose talents as performers, have well merited the public patronage which has attended them. We shall now, shortly, have an opportunity of seeing the latter in his single career; and can readily suppose, from the display of powers which we have witnessed in him, that his *Imitations* (or whatever they may be called) will contribute a fair share towards the amusement of the town.

On Monday Mr. Bartley finished his *Astronomical Lectures* for the present year: full of practical instruction, and beautiful from the superb machinery which illustrates them, we are glad to record, also, the continued encouragement given to these excellent representations.

At the Anniversary of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, about three weeks ago, (which, probably from not living much in the way of intelligence, we did not hear of till too late for attendance) there was a good subscription announced. Lord Blessington (in the chair), Mr. Fawcett, and other friends to this fine charity who were present, contributed much to the pleasure with which the day was spent.

VARIETIES.

ABOUT twelve months ago an experiment was tried by a tradesman's son in Alloa, of immersing a toad in a small flower-pot, sunk deep in a garden, to ascertain the fact of that animal's living without food. At that time he had been a prisoner for two years, and was again shut up in his dreary abode. A few days ago, the light of day was allowed to illumine his darksome cell, when the contented inmate hopped out with as much careless indifference as if he only had retreated there for an evening's repose. The prisoner was recommitted for farther trial. — *Shirking Journal.*

Vaccination.—A French writer, in combating some observations hostile to vaccination, which have been lately published by M. D'Auvin, of Liege, says, "The experience in France of five-and-twenty years proves that Dr. Jenner's admirable discovery is an axiom in medicine. When I was in Franche-Comté, I ascertained that vaccination, under the popular name of 'the small-pox of cows,' had been known from time immemorial among the country-people."

Egyptian Antiquities.—The Report which was made to the Philotechnic Society of Paris, in November last, by M. Lenoir, on the collection of antiquities recently imported into France from Egypt by M. Passalacqua, has lately been published. It contains details of the principal articles of one of the most valuable collections ever offered to the curiosity of the lovers of antiquities. Among other extraordinary things, this collection exhibits a variety of articles belonging to a lady's toilette;—necklaces of every kind, head-pins, ear-pendants, rings, combs, mirrors, boxes still retaining pomatum for the skin, and for reddening the nails, according to the Egyptian custom, &c. &c.

Forgery in France.—Forgery has become so alarmingly prevalent in France, in consequence of the facility which the chemical discoveries of late years have given to its commission, that the Minister of Justice at Paris has been induced to request the French Academy to devise some plan for the prevention of the crime. The

forgers first discharge from notes or drafts every thing but the stamp and the signature; then, by an easy process, restore the paper to its original consistence and colour; and afterwards insert what they please, and circulate the falsified documents. Attempts are making to counteract this evil by one of two means—either by the invention of an ink capable of resisting every chemical agent, or by adding, in the manufacture of the paper, some ingredient which the process employed by the forgers may indelibly colour.

Astronomical origin of Chess.—M. Villot, keeper of the archives of the city of Paris, having undertaken a course of inquiries into the astronomy of the Egyptians, ascertained that calendars, or astronomical tables, were to be met with in a great number of Egyptian monuments, in the shape of chess-boards. He has published a treatise, in which he points out the extraordinary coincidence which exists between the game of chess and the laws to which the various combinations of hours, days, months, and years, are subjected in the triple Egyptian calendar: a very singular circumstance, which, by undeniable relations that can scarcely be attributed to chance, seems to prove that this form of calendar was known to antiquity.

The Man with the Iron Mask.—The question, who this mysterious personage was? has lately been revived in France. It is now confidently asserted, on the one hand, that it was count Matthioli, secretary of state to the duke of Mantua; and that the cause of his imprisonment was his having sold to Spain the secret of a negotiation between his master and Louis XIV., for the surrender to the latter of the fortress of Casal, the capital of Montserrat. On the other hand it is as stoutly maintained, that the prisoner was Arwedika, patriarch of the schismatic Armenians at Constantinople, the mortal enemy of the Catholics, and the cruel persecutor of the Catholic Armenians, who was secretly arrested and conveyed to France, in consequence of the intrigues of the Jesuits. Neither of these suppositions, however, seems to have been satisfactorily proved.

Parisian Morals.—By reports which have been made to the French Academy of Medicine it appears, that the number of marriages and the number of legitimate births are fewer in the rich quarters of Paris than in the poor; and that, on the contrary, the rich quarters furnish a greater number of illegitimate births than the poor, and that it is much more rare to see illegitimate offspring acknowledged by their fathers in the former than in the latter. It appears also, that of the children still-born in Paris, the number of boys greatly exceeds that of girls; and that the number of both sexes still-born is much greater in private houses than in the hospitals. Some deduction, however, ought to be made from the last statement, in consequence of its being the custom of the civil officers to record, as still-born, all children who die before the declaration of their birth has been made; that is to say, almost all who die within the first two days.

French Puns.—When the French cannot prevent any thing they dislike, they try to be witty on it.

At the period of the conspiracies at Paris, the Carbonari pretended they were encouraged by the inscriptions on the houses, which excited them to patriotism. One fire-office has on its plate the letters M.A.C.L., Maison Assurée Contre L'incendie (house assured against fire). The rebels read it, Mes Amis, Chassons Louis (my friends, let us banish Louis).

When the present royalist ministry came

into power, the liberals said the ministry was "une pièce de six blancs, qui ne vaut pas deux sous." Six blancs is an imaginary coin, of the value of two sous and a half; so they said the ministry was a six blanc piece, that was not worth two sous.

The plate of dessert which we call almonds and raisins is mixed in France with figs and nuts, and called *quatre mendiants*, the four beggars. Since the law of indemnity to the emigrants was passed, instead of asking at the restaurateur's for a plate of *quatre mendiants*, a man bawled out for a plate of *émigrés*.

Charles X. being fond of the chase, they call him Robin des Bois (Der Freischütz).

Lady Morgan states, in her work called "France," that "primogeniture is abolished in France;" this being the law, no French family can be legitimate unless they all come into the world at once, like a litter of pigs. This reminds us of another miraculous traveller, Mr. Rae Wilson, who has discovered, that in Sweden longevity is the cause of sobriety.—When will travellers cease to write nonsense?

Iroquois Prince.—The chief of one of the tribes of Iroquois, from the north-east of the United States of America, has lately arrived at Bourdeaux. Having embraced Christianity, he determined to visit Europe, in company with a French missionary. It is his intention, in the first instance, to repair to Paris, where he will be presented to Charles X. He carries with him a red riband, part of a complete dress which Louis XIV. presented to one of his ancestors. The name of this young prince is Joseph Teorakaron Anowaren, or, Chief of the Great Turtle. The country of which he is the sovereign extends from 41 to 45 degrees of north latitude, and from 75 to 85 degrees of longitude. Touched with the sad state of his people, in respect both to religion and to civilisation, his object in Europe is such information as may enable him to meliorate their condition. From Paris he means to proceed to Rome.—*French Journals.*

French Glass Manufacture.—The French appear to be paying the greatest attention to the cultivation of their manufactures of every kind. The glass-manufacturers of France having petitioned the government to take off the duty on sulphat of soda, on the ground that it prevented them from entering into a fair competition with foreign glass-manufacturers, the petition was referred to the consideration of the Academy, who appointed a commission to investigate the subject. That commission has lately made a report, strongly recommending the remission of the duty.

Whimsical Telegraph.—A sealed packet, deposited in the archives of the French Academy, in the year 1782, by a monk, of the name of Gauthier, has been recently opened. It was found to contain "A brief memoir, respecting a mode of communicating information, promptly and secretly, to a great distance, at all times, and in all places." The means proposed consisted of a tube, carried on without interruption under-ground, from one place to another. This tube being filled with air, nothing could be more easy, according to the projector, than to establish a communication, by impressing upon the elastic fluid certain puffs, given by a bellows or otherwise, to which puffs a previously-understood meaning should be attached! It is only a year or two since that an ingenious projector, at Brighton, took out a patent, we believe, for a similar tube, from that place to London; only his was to be wide enough for mail-coaches!!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. W. M. Praed assures us that he is not the author of the *Labour of Idleness*, reviewed in our last Gazette.

An extremely absurd, if not malicious report, has got into the newspapers, that, through the misfortunes of her publishers, L. E. L. has lost the greater part of the value of her works: we are authorised by the young lady who has diffidently chosen to write under these initials, to say that there is no foundation for this rumour!—she received every shilling of a large sum most honourably and punctually from her booksellers.

The works of Dr. J. Owen have been completed in 21 volumes, 8vo.

It may be recollected by our readers that the late Mr. Sharp commenced a line engraving of Dr. Edward Jenner, from a painting by Mr. Hobday, as a companion to his celebrated portrait of Dr. John Hunter. After Mr. Sharp's decease this plate was placed in the hands of Mr. Shelton, by whom it has been completed, and impressions from it are, we believe, ready for delivery. Mr. Ackermann has also in readiness for publication a portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy, engraved by Worthington, in the line manner, from a painting by Lonsdale.

There is about to be published, in one volume 8vo., the Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee; with an account of the geology, natural scenery, productions, volcanoes, &c. &c.; history, superstitions, traditions, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands; a grammatical view of their language, with specimens; the account given of the death of Capt. Cook by the natives; and biographical notices of the late King and Queen, who died in London. By W. Ellis, missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands.

M. Cane, bookseller of Paris, has announced his intention of publishing a collection of engravings from the full-length portraits of celebrated personages of the present time, painted by Gerard, first painter to the King of France, who will himself, it is stated, superintend the execution of the plates. The size is eight inches by five; and the work will consist of not more than fourteen, not fewer than twelve parts, 4to, each containing six portraits.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on Christianity, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Parliamentary Abstracts, during the Session of 1835, royal 8vo., 11. 10s. bds.—John's Practical Botany, post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Vincent Bourne's Poems, 8s. 6d. 8vo. 9s. bds.—Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, by Nicholas, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Fanciful Sketch, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Roberts on Wills, 9 vols. royal 8vo. 21. 2s. bds.—The Diary of an Emancipator, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Parsons on Christ Crucified, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Barclay's Present State of the West Indies, 8vo., 14s. bds.—Blount's MSS. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Brown's Jewish Antiquities, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Hall's Account of Kesh and Roxburgh, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Recollections of a Pedestrian, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 7s. bds.—Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, 8vo. Vol. I. 15s. bds.—Lushington's History of the Calcutta Religious Institutions, 8vo. 14s. bds.—East India Military Calendar, Vol. III. 4to. 21. 10s. bds.—Poetic Fragments, 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 27. to 46.	30.04 to 30.25
Friday .. 17	— 25. — 46.	30.28 — 30.30
Saturday .. 18	— 34.5 — 46.	30.18 — 29.97
Sunday .. 19	— 35. — 46.	29.90 — 29.85
Monday .. 20	— 35. — 45.	29.90 stationary
Tuesday .. 21	— 34. — 46.	29.90 stationary
Wednesday .. 22	— 35. — 43.	29.90 — 29.70

Except the 18th, 19th, and 21st, generally sunshine. Smart hail on the 19th. Prevailing wind N.N.W. and N. by E. Indeed, we might say with Thompson.

"The expansive atmosphere is charged with cold."

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch. CHAMLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We last Saturday promised answers to Correspondents this.

The world cannot produce Editors more grateful than we are to our blame and unknown friends, and those who, with trouble and expense to themselves, enable us so often to contribute to the information and innocent amusement of the public. But there is no happiness without a but. Allow us, under one head, to notice a few of our latest allies:—

L. P. obliges us with his "first attempt" at composition as an especial mark of his kindness—a sort of first love. Now, with all our affection for novelties, we would rather have a writer's best than his initiatory work, except, indeed, they should be both in one—the first and last.

Eliza begs us to inform him by a private letter, addressed so and so, what objection we have to his rhymes—intimated in a preceding Gazette—as he has looked over the piece again, and cannot discover a single error of this sort. We, good-naturedly, write to him to say, that "ginger" is not a good rhyme to "finger;" and he writes back, changing us with ardent simplicity in one seeing, according to his eye, that they rhyme to a letter!

Mr. —, a pleasant epigrammatist, advises us to stick

in a little seasoning of that kind occasionally, and offers his services. *Mr. gr.* improving on the rare and hardly-known distich upon a bad musician—

"Old Orpheus played so well he moved Old Nick;
But thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddlestick!"

he obliges us with the following exquisite specimen:—
Old Linus when he played touch'd rocks and trees;
But you touch nothing—but your piano's keys.

Sundry persons, more anxious for our interests and reputations than we pretend to be ourselves, inquire why we do not answer some abuse bestowed upon us in certain reviews, magazines, and newspapers? If you spur a high-mettled, fine-blooded racer, he exerts himself to the utmost of his speed to reach the goal before all others. If you spur a jade, or a donkey, instead of pressing forward, they fall to plunging and kicking, and make a retrogressive progression, in the most ludicrous manner. Thus it is with periodical literature. When our Literary Gazette gets a spur for any latitude or mistake, we take but a stronger bound forward, and strain our energies to need urging no more; and when we in turn, and merely for a bit of playful fun, give any of our brethren (the hacks) a spur, they snort, foam, and fling up all imaginable dirt with their heels; but never advance one pace from the sticking point. In mud and filth we find them, and in mud and filth we leave them: assured that no portion of the public, whose regard is of the slightest value, would not rather read *nothing*, than the petty abuse and squabbles of poor creatures who fancy themselves of extraordinary consequence in the world, because they can see their follies in print, while the generality of fools are limited to their own sweet voices.

We are assured, under the signature of a Clergyman at Bath, that "The Charge which follows is a copy of an unpublished piece by the late Lord Byron. It is, he says, one of his lordship's earliest productions,—and certainly it smacks of immaturity:—

On! on! ye brave and gallant ones,
Remember those who bore ye;
Of Liberty the stoutest sons,
Be worthy sires before ye!

I see the fire-flash in your eyes,
Each beam with valour in its ring;
On! on! amid the mingling cries,
In battle die, or win it.

There is not one, in rear or van,
So trembling, base, to perish,
Before he prove himself a man,
His country's pride may cherish.

Bethink ye on the noble cause
Ye stain your sword—"is freedom!"
That freely now the weapon draws,
'Gainst tyrants' breasts, to bleed 'em.

Let each his corselet brace him well,
And plume his crested feather;
And grasp his spear, and thickly fell
The bootied foes together.

List! thrilling now the war-peal sounds
Loud o'er the distant water,
And shaking Echo deep rebounds
A summons tuned to slaughter.

Hate! fight like lions of battled worth,
Whom tyrants dare not sever
From rights which blossom'd at their birth,
To flourish green for ever!

On! on! ye brave and gallant ones,
Remember those who bore ye;
Of Liberty the stoutest sons,
Be worthy sires before ye!

To a Score of Correspondents we whisper, confidentially, that we cannot insert their advertisements as literary news; and our chief reason is, that, besides the expense of printing and the exclusion of general matter, the "simple fact" would cost us *seem* pounds sterling money.

To Lamp's offer, we have only to say that all depends upon his lighting.

As for the newspapers which borrow from us so copiously without confessing the sin, we like them, we like the whole press, and rejoice in their borrowings as much, at least, as in their originalities. What the plague should we make a fuss about such a matter for? as advised by "A Constant Reader," "A Loving Subscriber," "An Old Friend," (one's old friend always leads one into mischief,) and twenty others. She is a vicious cur that kicks down the palmerie because others would drink the milk; and we will not imitate so beastly an example. On the contrary, we trust that our udder will be found so full every milking time—Saturday—that we might suckle a hundred calves, besides furnishing curds and whey, butter, cheese, sweet milk, and cream, from the Literary Gazette Dairy, to thrive as many Journals as we now supply with these indispensable articles.

Our lively Correspondent Hum forgets his warlike addition—drum. Such words often deserve to be beaten; but he is, like a New-Zealand chief, so laborious in his tattoo, that he must be content with our thanks as (hum)-drum major.

The taken of Omicron is imperceptibly small; with regard for that of Omega, we hope we have seen its last.

"A True Lover of the Drama" writes us four sheets upon it. If he had been a true lover, he could not have so long survived the murder of his mistress.

A mighty Theban, who signs himself M. T. S. R. schools us upon our Greek compounds for Pociorana. "There

is," says he, "no such adjective in the Greek language as *ποικίλος* (*poikilos*) in the nominative masculine singular, which is most commonly used on such occasions. The word is *ποικίλος* (*poikilos*). If it was intended to agree with *οραμα* (*orama*), *οραμα* is neuter, and *ποικίλος* being of the feminine gender, could not belong to it; and argyl, our derivation "is totally *unintelligible* to him and 'to every one of his acquaintance.' Now for this we confess our great regret: we are sorry that we did not make those words perfectly agree in a term which we were pointing out to be a corruption of language; and still more sorry that we cannot furnish classical learning and common sense to the ten-thousand of our readers, including M. T. S. R., and every one of his acquaintance.

Some anonymous post, "Galen," who dislikes the Amphitryon of the *Westminster Review*, (one of the most gentleman-like, honest, loyal, lively, learned, and least party-spirited publications of the age!) plagues us with the subjoined, for which we do not thank him:—

To Jeremy Bentham.

Mister Bentham, you talk of reforming our laws,
And of riches and wisdom make promises ample;
To receive your amendments we may find some cause,
Would you first shew us up just a moderate sample.

There's a snarling, a cowardly, critical crew,
Have drawn inspiration from you, it is said;
Who write, or who rather mis-write a Review,
And roast us poor authors in hopes to get read.

Could you first teach these rogues good manners and grammar,
And to speak decent language—a task now easy—
We'll submit our poor old battered laws to your hammer,
To mould them to whatever shape it may please ye.

We would remind A. B. C., who wishes us to enter into the wide field of Comparative Criticism, and point out contemporary discrepancies, that comparisons are odious: though there may be exception to the general rule. For example: in the tall of a conversation, on the solidity of two individuals, between John, a city, and Tom, a west-end sporting character, last Monday, at Tattersall's. John. "I say STOCKS does not BLACKBEGGS, for he does not speculate so much,—does not run on the long odds."—Tom. "I have nothing to say against Stocks, but would rather trust BLACKBEGGS; for though your friend may be a Good man, you yourself acknowledge that mine is a better."

It would break the heart-strings of, at fewest, a thousand and ninety-five poets per annum, were they to see how ruthlessly we tear up their lovely sheets, and consign the fragments to the waste-basket. Another thousand and ninety-five have some points of merit, and we preserve them for opportunities which never occur; and thus we often, on glancing over our well-typed bundles, discover "Lines to Christmas Day" in the dog-days; "The Rom of Summer" during a pinching December frost; "The Snowdrop" in Autumn; and "The Fall of the Leaf" in Spring. Odes to War have survived the Peace for many long years; and many extremely interesting and particular events have been forgotten before we could find room for compositions on their immortality. Love epics, and most amatory sonnets, from triplicate to quaternary, have lain by us till the writers approached the respectable condition of being grand-papas and grand-mamas; say, we have one poem (the subject is not so hackneyed as some others) on the inexpressible felicity of the conjugal life, by an individual who, we lately saw in the newspapers, had obtained a divorce, not without a plentiful proof of infidelity on both sides.

We thank P. G., and solicit the continuance of his correspondence.

"An Observer" seems not to know himself, and we will invent for his benefit an axiom—"The man who only observes others, and pays no regard to himself, is a fool."

We agree with "Gamut," that there is more affection than real love for music in our fashionable circles, and indeed throughout the people. The greatest composer of the age perhaps (Weber), played at a noble marquis's route the other night, and not twenty of the company paid the least attention to his performances. It was Fashion to have him there, but it happened not to be mentioned or led that Fashion ought to be in ecstasies; accordingly, Fashion gabbled on as is usual on such occasions. They have not music in their souls; and it is, probably, the want of this quality which has brought on the 'panic and difficulties under which the country labours; for as such persons are not to be trusted, confidence has been destroyed, commerce crippled, bankers broken, and a hundred other bedevillments.

As we have often discovered that "Puff" are not Lobsters, we cannot take anonymous opinions from any (many) correspondents on the merits of their productions or projects.

Advertisements are not news. Puffs are abhorrent to us.

N.B. The Literary Gazette is not the Royal London Gazette, published by Government. We say so without meaning to depreciate our contemporary, who is generally poetical, facetious, entertaining,—but we are different: to him a dissolution is nuts; to us sorrow; to him a claud of bankrupts is sunshine; to us shade; to him long denpatches (sad misnomer!) are most agreeable to us, if they are not short, 'tis no matter.

* See any Number of that publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION
and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS,
including the celebrated Picture of "Christ Crowned with
Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, N.A., purchased by the
Director, is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in
the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT
INSTITUTION. The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers,
are respectfully informed that the Fifteenth Anniversary
Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday,
the 14th of April, on which occasion—
The Right Hon. the EARL of LIVERPOOL, K.G.
Has most graciously signified his intention to preside.

Seize.

Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, M.P.
Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P.
F.R.S.
General Grosvenor, M.P.
Joseph Delaford, Esq.
J.C.H. Turner, Esq.

R. Ackermann, Esq.
William Behnes, Esq.
John Blades, Esq.
C. M. Clarke, Esq.
C. R. Cockerill, Esq.
W. Collins, Esq.
D. Colnaghi, Esq.
John Constable, Esq.
John Dickinson, Esq.
William Eddy, Esq.
John de Henry, Esq.

Dinner on Table at Five o'clock. The Vocal Department under
the Direction of Mr. Broadhurst, and the Duke of Gloucester's
Military Band will attend.
Tickets at 1s. 1s. (including Wine) to be had of the Secre-
tary, the Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place;
and at the Freemasons' Tavern.
W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk
Street, Pall Mall East, will open to the Public on MONDAY
next, March 27th.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

On Thursday, March 29th, will be published, price 6s., No. VI. of
THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL

REVIEW.
Contents:—Whately's Essays—Gurney's Essays—Cooper's
Gradual Development of the Office, Titles, and Character of
Christ in the Prophecy—Henderson on the Turkish Testament—
Schmiedeknecht on the Psalms—Broughton's Reply to the
Supplement to Paley's Commentary—Holden on the Christian Sab-
bath—The Heavenly Witnesses—Nichols's Works of Arminius—
Butler's Life of Erasmus—Low's Essays—On Missions—James's
Comment upon the Collects—Jackson's two main Questions—
Fry's Church History—Bentley's Theology—Gieseler's Hebrew
Lexicon—Rosa's Sermons—Murdock's Sermons—Furness's
Sermons—Denham's Sermons—Howlett's Sermons—Sermons
on Christian Conduct—Blunt's Discourses.
Notes—Biblical Memoranda—Report of the Commissioners
on Irish Education—History of the Diocese of Scotland—State
of the Diocese of England and Wales—Proceedings of the Uni-
versities, &c.
London: Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard,
Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and 146, Strand.

This day is published, price 1s., No. II., for February, of the
EDINBURGH THEOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. The History of Scotland—O'Connell
and the London Hibernian Society—The Sabbath School—
Recent Changes in Russia, Causes of Ministerial Unsuccess—
Influence of Antiquity upon Religious Opinion—Eighteen
Hundred and Twenty-Five—Morning Reviews—Gordon's
Sermons—Dunallan—Religious and Philanthropic Intelligence—
Historical Summary—Religious Summary—Proceedings of Bible,
Missionary, Education, and Anti-Slavery Societies—Critical No-
tes of New Publications, &c.
The object of this Magazine is to establish a more intimate
connection between religion and literature than subsists in
any of the periodicals of the day—to furnish a miscellaneous
Magazine that shall contain a more than ordinary proportion of
information on miscellaneous subjects, and this in the most popu-
lar possible form.

The warm reception which the prospectus met with on its
publication, and the very extensive circulation which the Maga-
zine has already obtained, more than realise the most sanguine
hopes of the projectors of the undertaking, and encourage the most
flattering anticipations of its future success.
Printed for John Latham, Edinburgh; James Duncan, 37,
Paternoster Row, and T. and G. Underwood, 29, Fleet Street,
London.

This day is published, price 5s. 6d. boards,
THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CA-
LENDAR for the Year 1860, containing a List of all the
Members of the University—The Tripos Lists of Mathematical
Honours of the last 10 Years—Lists of Classical Honours, Prizes,
Exhibitions, Scholarships, Patronages, Degrees conferred during
the Year 1859—A List of Representatives in Parliament of the
University for the last Century—The Problems given at the Ex-
amination for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, in January last—
also, Regulations for the previous Examination of Under Gradu-
ates, &c. &c.
To be continued Annually.
Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, for J. Deighton
and Sons. Sold in London by Longman and Co.; C. and J. Ri-
vington; Hatchard and Son; G. B. Whittaker; J. Mawman;
and Simpkin and Marshall: and by J. Parker, Oxford.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No.
LXVI. will be published next week.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE ORIENTAL HERALD. Number

XXVIII. on the 1st of April.
Will contain, among other Original Papers, an Article on the
Silk Trade, and the injurious Effects of the East India Compa-
ny's Monopoly on that Branch of our Manufactures—Reasons for
considering the Mexicans to be a Chinese Colony—The Fourteen
Guns; an Original Poem—State of Society in India—Chinese
Courtship—Evenings in Bagdad—British Power in India, and
authentic Intelligence from every part of the Eastern World.
Orders for this Work received by all Booksellers in Europe.
Price 6s.
Longman and Co.

VINDICIE ECCLESIE ANGLICANÆ.

Letters to Charles Butler, Esq. comprising Essays on the
Romish Religion, and vindicating the Book of the Church.
By ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Also, a new Edition of
The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey.
3 vols. 8vo. 2s.

Dr. Brewster's Philosophical Journal,
On the 31st will be published, No. VIII. with Plates, price
7s. 6d. of the

EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF SCIENCE,

publishing a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural
Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.
Conducted by DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. LOND.
SEC. R.S. EDIN., &c.

Contents:—1. Dr. Clarke's Gigantic Orange Outcrop from
Sumatra—2. M. Savart on the Mechanism of the Human
Voice—3. Account of a Volcano in the Himalayan Mountains—
4. M. Dulong on the Refractive Power of Fluids—5. M.
Marschner on the Grotto of Angers—6. Notice respecting the
Eggs of the Boa Constrictor, and of a Brood hatched from them in
Assam—7. Professor Gemelli's Analysis of a Lithium-Mica
from Nevada—8. Professor Gemelli on the Law of the Com-
pression of Air and of Gases—9. Capt. Pringle on the Route to
India, by Egypt and the Red Sea—10. Observations and Experi-
ments on the Sense of Touch—11. Account of Dr. Clark and
Capt. Sherwell's Ascent of Mont Blanc, in August 1859—12. On
the History of Mr. Babbage's Experiments on the Production of
Magnetism by Rotation—13. Description of the Great Stone
Bridge over the Garonne—14. Account of the Shock of an Earth-
quake felt on board the Winchester—15. Notice of Two Earth-
quakes felt at Sea—16. M. Necker on the Birds in the Environs
of Geneva—17. Account of the Discovery of an Inhabited Island
in the Pacific, by Capt. Eschscholtz—18. Dr. Kennedy on the Working
and Polishing of Granite in India—19. On the Superiority of
Achromatic Telescopes with Fluid Optical Glasses—20. Dr. Gus-
tave Rose, Berlin, on Epithelium—21. Baron Alexander de Humboldt
on the Horary Variations of the Barometer—22. On the
Dimorphism of Hydrous Sulphate of Zinc, and Hydrous Sulphate
of Magnesium, by Mr. Haidinger—23. Capt. R. Lachlan on the
Geography of the Burmah-plateau and the Sannoo Rivers—24. On
a Property of Light, exhibited in the Examination of Small Lu-
minous Points by Telescopes; by Professor Amici—25. Observa-
tions on Achromatic and Reflecting Telescopes; by Mr. Herschel.
Mr. Smith, and Professor Amici—26. Further Observations on
Levity, by the Editor—27. Mr. John Murray on the Torpidity
and Processes in the Lateral Arteries of the Heart—28. The
Intensity of Magnetism in different Parts of the Earth's Surface
—29. Mrs. Somerville on the Magnetising Power of the more
Refrangible Rays of Light—30. History of Mechanical Inven-
tions and Processes in the Useful Arts—31. Mr. Waddell on a simple
Pant-Boat for saving Time and Labour—32. Mr. Astle's Method of
Condensing Wood, and giving it Closeness of Grain—33. Mr.
Baird's Discovery of a Flint Sand for Flint Glass, at Alton—34.
Analysis of Scientific Books and Memoirs. 1st. Considerations
on Volcanoes; by G. Poulett Scrope, Esq. 2d. Professor Sig.
Abate Ferrara on the Earthquake which occurred in Sicily, in
March 1858. 3d. Schott's Essay on Botanical Geography—34. Astro-
nomy; Optics. 3d. Chemistry. 4th. Natural History; Zoology;
5th. List of Patents granted in Scotland—35. Celestial
Phenomena—35. Register of the Barometer and Thermometer,
by Alex. Adie, Esq.
Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell,
Strand, London.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

This day is published,
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.
ZINE. No. CXI. for April 1856.
Contents:—1. Streams—2. Hottel's Germanicus, No. 21. Sappho,
by Franz Grillparzer—3. The Man-of-War's Man. Chap. 10
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